



02824

iron horse 62

US \$3.50
NOVEMBER
CANADA \$3.95
U.K. 2.60

**FIRST FLICKS: STURGIS '86—
GOOD FRIENDS & GOOD TIMES
RIDE THE BADLANDS**

**NORTH-OF-THE-BORDER NOOKIE
MEETS MILWAUKEE STEEL:
AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT
ON THE CANADIAN H-D RENDEZVOUS**

**PROFILE IN OUTRAGE:
JOHN MALONEY'S SUPERSTACKED
APE-SWINGIN' POLYCHROMATIC
PANHEAD**

**COVERBIKE:
THE BITTERSWEET
BALLAD OF A
HARDTAIL SPORTY**



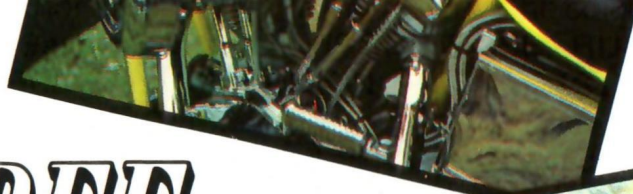
**CENTERSPREAD JULIA MOUNTS
A PUTT-IN-PROGRESS**



RUNNIN' FREE RENDEZVOUS!

**GET YER SHIT
TOGETHER
AND SEND
US YER
RAISIN-PIE
FLICKS**

**SAVE THE
GARBAGE
FER THE
OTHER RAGS**



A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2 1/4 X 2 1/4)—nothin else.

Whether it's a bro an his ol lady puttin down the highway or the hellacious good times of a biker bash or the leg-wettin sight of a splittail splittin tail—we wanna look at em all. But only the best will do.

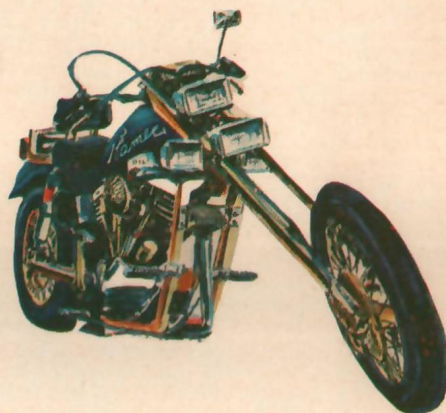
Be sure to write yer name and address on each print or slide you send. And oh, yeah—we now pay \$20 for each b&w we use and \$35 for the color stuff.

Send us yer best: IRON HORSE, RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION, P.O. Box 1316 New York, NY 10116.

NOTE: All prints and slides must be individually identified with yer name and address. We'll try ta get yer stuff back to ya, but we don't guarantee nothin, so if ya want us to try, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with yer flicks.



**iron
horse**



Editor: **J.P. CONVERSE**
 Assistant Editors: **THE WOLFMAN, LITTLEJAWN, "LOBO" JONES**
 Associate Editors: **SPEEDMERCHANT, "DEATHWISH" ROBINSON, SPACECASE, CRANKCASE, JOHN "BUTTERBALL" GUTTMAN, THE INCREDIBLE MR. GRUB**
 Editorial Assistants: **PREPPY JACK, COWBOY KEN RADD, "BASER" BUFORD, DOROTHY "PARTYTIME" LOOMIS, DRAGONFIRE WILLY, REDNECK REILLY, LOU DIRUSSO**
 Art Director: **DANGER BROWN**
 Photo Editor: **FATBOB HANSON**
 Art Assistants: **MACK TRUKK, PUTTSKY PUTTERSON**
 Heavyduty Scooter Flicker: **WIZARD (Brother of the Wind)**
 Staff Photographers: **ROCKY DI RICO, WW, DENNIS "RATSO" LOCKE, DEE HAYLOR, J.P. BRADY, BALLS**
 Staff Artists: **GARY SMITH, LOOIE DONALDSON**
 Tech Editors: **WRENCH RITZ, VON SCOOT**
 Letters Editor: **LIZ**

Fiction Editor: **BRYCE LANGFORD**
 Writers: **PHILLIPS HEAD, KENMORE LANE, WILBUR "WHACKO" WACZENSKY, TRAIL OF TEARS, DEVO LARUE, PATCHES CONNELLY**
 Pimp: **SNYDE**
 House Sluts: **SPACY GRACY, HAZEL GRAVY, FILTHY FERN HYDE, COOKIE HOOKER**
 Dealer: **BLOODSTAIN**
 Point Man: **NAMMAN**
 Gonzo Bout Town: **BOZ CRAWFORD**
 President: **HENRY N. McQUEENY**
 Assistant to President: **TONY DeSTEFANO**
 VicePresident: **JIM SINACORE**
 Production Manager: **JOE DeSTEFANO**
 Marketing Manager: **JORDAN MALMED**
 Advertising Director: **RICHARD ELLIOT**

300 West 43rd Street
 New York, NY 10036

Iron Horse Magazine ISSN: 0195-1165

Iron Horse Magazine ISSN 0195-1165 **VOLUME 11 ISSUE 62 NOVEMBER '86** Iron Horse is published nine times a year by J.Q. Adams Productions Inc., with corporate and editorial offices at 300 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional offices. Copyright © 1986 by J.Q. Adams Productions Incorporated. Nothing may be reproduced without prior written permission of the publisher. Letters to the editors, correspondence concerning editorial content and editorial submissions should be sent to the above editorial address. All rights in letters sent to Iron Horse will

be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to Iron Horse's unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. We welcome art photographs and manuscripts but ask that we be sent exclusive material only. Iron Horse will make every effort to take care of unsolicited material but cannot be responsible for damage in the mails, nor does it assume responsibility for returning such material safely. Subscription: All complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 1316, N.Y.C. 10016. 12 issues \$42 in the United States; \$47.49 in Canada

CONTENTS

Back Talk	2
Three Drums and Three Months For A Primo Pan	6
Fiction: What A Great Day	15
Sturgis '86	17
Blast From The Past: Honest Mike's Family Album ...	24
Panhead's Progress	29
Fiction: Dog King and the Concrete Watermelon Caper	37
Some Like It Hot: Julia Haven	39
Runnin Free	51
The Bikin Blues	67
Canadian Rendezvous	74
Outrageousness!!??	90

Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Ride with the Godz

□ Well, I finally decided to drop ya kite from me and the bros to let ya know we appreciate the rag. It sure helps the time go by in this cage and keeps our spirits runnin' free.

Ain't seen mucha any poems as of late, so I'm sendin ya some of my own lyrical endeavors.

Praise is in order for your photos and all the flix ya feature as well as all of the tats and tank art, not to mention the Swap Shop which has gotten me a few worthwhile replies. I also like the scooter art, which no other mag has. One question — when are ya gonna do a tat mag?

I do have one complaint though. The damn rag always gets to me all mangled up because of no mailing cover. C'mon now, it's worth collectin, but the fucked up covers destroy the value of the rag. The only other bitch is the missin Clipboard section (which I have an ad for). Anyway, keep up the righteous work, keep it between the ditches, and ride with the Dogz. Odin lives. — Rire

Searchin for a gypsy witch to share the wind's domain, under-

standing of the fires she must gain. Side by side to conjure our own worthy steeds and follow where the eagle leads. Paths of destiny call and entrance, the night and our seeking in turn enchant. Scooter freak free in mid '86; relocation steel steeds replication, wizard's skin and flix illustration, and with one gypsy witch, consolidation. If ya believe in magic, have heart and understanding, send a flick for a flick, honest replies only to: RIRE, Box 178, Mayfield, NY 12117.

Looking To Get A Hold

□ I'm writing about the wonderful young lady who calls herself Dakota Rose. In her letter she said that she is a dancer and I would like to get a hold of her, because, coincidentally, I have some work for her (if she would like).

I also live in North Dakota, so if you would please send me some info on how to get a hold of her, I would like that. — Randy Long, P.O. Box 87, Bismarck, ND 58502

Yeah, you and about a zillion other bike tramps. We printed your complete address so it's up to the Rose now. — Ed.

Too Much Zoom

□ What's the matter with WW's camera? I was checkin out your Daytona coverage and all the bikes looked stretched out or somethin. It couldn't have been the angle because from every angle it looked like I'd just dropped acid and it made me feel kind of nauseous. Tell WW to stick to the straight shots and leave out the fucked up ones. I can get those anytime. — Magnum F.O., Mobile, Alabama

Not Fade Away

□ Hey man, what the hell's going on? After that fuckin beautiful Panhead in the July issue, there's nothin. What's with the vanishin act? Did the Meeses close you guys down or was it Falwell? I figured you probably got thrown out of 7-11 along with those other nasty rags like Playboy and Penthouse, but I didn't think it would shitcan you completely. Seriously, if you're still in business maybe you ought to think about toning down the beaver shots and the hardcore partyin coverage. Seems like everything I like is disappearin. If you are still publishing, keep up the good work. — Ranger Rick, Mesa, AZ

Other rags may buckle under to all the bullshit slopped out by the goodie two shoe brigade, but I.H. will always maintain its lofty standards of nastiness. A biker mag without tits is like the Stars without the Stripes... it's fuckin un-American and anybody who tries to keep red blooded Harley tramps from their tit ration is nothin but a low down, yellow bellied, back stabbin Commie queer, and I don't give a fuck what their religion is. — Ed.

Likes "Death Wish"

□ I'm writing to your mag for the first time. I just had to say something about that cute little thing in the July issue. Denise has got the sweetest snatch I've seen in a long time and I really dig her "suicidal" tattoo. I guess I'm speaking for a lot of your readers when I say I'd dearly love to pack her on the back of my scooter but it's probably pretty farfetched to think it'd ever happen. It'd sure be worth it to put on down to Miami to check out her dancin in person, though. — Ted Stein, Macon, GA

Never

□ Everybody I know is freakin over the Softail Customs, the Heritage Softail, and the Low-boy, but what I wanna know is, when is Harley gonna come out with an exact replica of a hardtail Knuckle for us riders who want genuine tradition? — Keith Cameron, Lemon Grove, CA

Never — Ed.

Robert Gordon Fan

□ Two years ago I got an album by a singer named Robert Gordon, which featured him on the cover straddlin a nice lookin Pan. I really got off on his country and rockabilly songs but I can't seem to find any more of his records. Does anybody know if this guy is still recording or what? If he ain't it's a fuckin shame. — Tiny Windolph, Lancaster, PA

He made a weird 50's type biker flick a coupla years ago called "The Loveless", but has since sold his Pan, and no longer records for RCA, which is a shame. He does play the Lone Star in Manhattan every month as well as the Stone Pony in Jersey, consistently drawing a large biker crowd. — Ed.

Squids & Candy

□ Yo, check this out. I'm a United States Marine and damn proud of it. After a thirteen-hour day at work I love to jump on my ride and raise as much hell as I can—and then some.

I also love to read Iron Horse while I'm drinking a nice cold one after work and hell raising, but it seems in your Feb. '86 issue there was some squid motherfucker who says he'd rather tun gay than eat Candy Montana.

Well, let me tell ya a few things. I've been on six floats with the USN and I've only run across two squids who denied being already gay, and they had AIDS. So that's not saying a lot for the Navy. This Catfish asshole who wrote that letter, has obviously been fuckin his buddies too long. He doesn't know a good piece when he see it. Personally, I'd eat Candy until my grandkids turn 90 years old, so tell that jerk off, faggot, gay-assed motherfucker that if he doesn't like Iron Horse's broads then he can buy a copy of Playgirl. I'm sure he'd get a lot of hours of fun out of it. He can leave Candy to those of us who appreciate good pussy, and an American Harley at our control.

Sweet Thang

□ To the guy in the April '86 issue, page 81, top right photo in the spread on the Tattoo Party...this chick is in love with you! I'm 17, 5'7", 110 lbs., black hair, and brown eyes. I want you babe! If somebody could please help me get in touch with this guy, I'd be most grateful. I really do want to meet him. Thanx loads. — Chantel Barclay, PO Box 335, Louise, TX 77455

"Loads", eh? Listen, Chantel, you left out the most important statistic...like, what are the laws on statutory rape down there in Texas?



Born to Ride

□ Enclosed is a picture of the "Beast", a 1978 Hondamatic 750. Yes, an automatic (two speeds). I only know of four more at this time in my location. I am the third owner. She had 21,000 miles on her when I bought her, and now has 33,000. The only reason I bought a full dresser was to get my old lady, "Scrappy Kitty" Christine to ride with me. But

now that she's into it I don't ride alone much any more.

If you use this picture and would like a few more, let me know and I'll even throw in a picture of me, Tiny T. and my old lady, "Scrappy Kitty". Well? — Tiny T., East Lebanon, Maine

Fortunately for Harley, some folks were just born to ride Jap bikes. — Ed.



New Tat-2

□ This tattoo was done by Tat-2 Tom at Lou's Tattoo's Clearwater Florida. It shows what life's all about—bikes and broads! I'd appreciate it if you'd print my flick. I've sent one to every rag but no one's printed anything. Thanks.—*Tat-2, Pitman, NJ*

Dealin'

□ I just picked up a copy of your magazine from my local newsstand. As usual it's not only very interesting, but also as detailed as a show bike! However, I did have a problem, a small one mind you, with the article "Bronze Medal" (April '86).

The first is that this article said that the dealership closed around Christmas 1985.

The second is that he led people to believe that he was going to "relocate" to Jamaica Ave.

The third is that they were not sensitive to customers needs! My own experience in ordering a speedo bracket resulted in a month's wait, two phone calls to the main office (414-935-4560 "Terry"), and a scratched part to boot! To top it off, they had the part in their display case, but refused to sell it to me. One other point that always annoyed me was their lack of interest in older bikes such as mine—a 1976 FXE, which ain't even old as

far as Harleys go. They really didn't give a shit if they had a part for you or not, but would always have a hand out to "secure" a deposit for the "desired" item.

To be truly honest, I feel for the people who lost their jobs, but I believe that it could possibly *all* have been avoided had more foresight and better management been used. One example comes to mind regarding their rather large parts area. It was not at all computerized, while a much smaller dealership I visited in Norristown, PA was! Doesn't that just "fuckin amaze" you?

Now my suggestion to you: have a few brews to kinda mull all this over, and go see some really righteous, class A people at KFK Cycle Alterations. They're located at the corner of 211 St. and Jamaica Ave. Have a talk with Steve, Doug or Tom, and tell em Sheldon sent you. I think you'd enjoy being with some people who have their shit together, unlike those aloof bastards at the now defunct H-D of NYC. Of course that's just my opinion.

Well, at least I got that off my chest and you can either toss this letter or take my advice. Either way, keep the mag coming and going strong!—*Sheldon, Flushing, NY*

Ruff Times

□ Just thought I'd write and let ya know how important your mag is. Just finished the March issue and the story "Ridin With The Devil" was excellent. Plus, that feature Sporty named "Grateful Dead" was righteous! Keep up the good work and the foxy babes and you'll be #1 with me. It helps pass the bullshit time I'm doing. Could ya print this ad for some foxes?

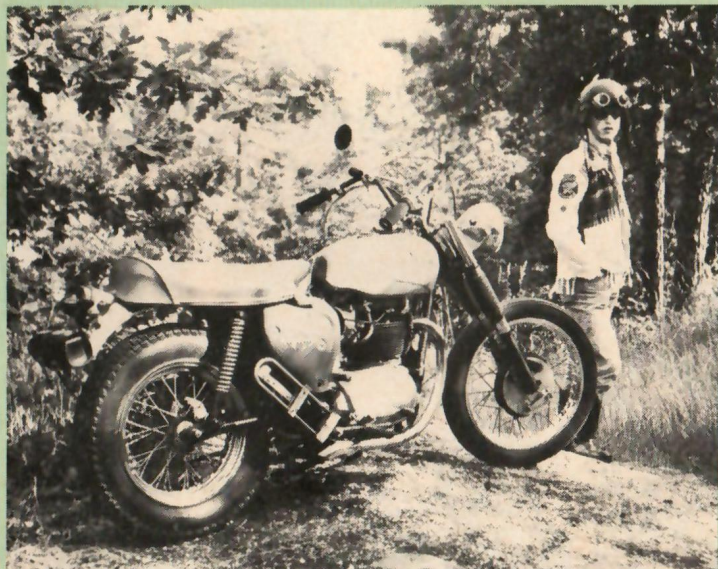
I'm 28, blond hair, blue eyes, and 180 lbs. of power and love. I'm lookin for letters and pictures from foxy babes, 18-30. I have till Sept. '86 till I'm free. These past two and a half years have been rough without women!—*Dan Hohn, #N21916, Box 4002, Danville, IL 61834*



Swedish Treats

□ Here's some pictures from Sweden — my girl and bike.

Thanks for a good paper. Ha! — *Robert Gustafsson, Knight's Stockholm, Sweden*



Minnesota Nightmare

□ Well, I'm sitting here in a Minnesota jail in a living nightmare.

A brother of mine from Orlando, Picture Pat, said you would be one of my best bets for listening. Well, after the Stumble Inn closed down on New Year's '85, I left my brothers and sisters in Orlando and headed up to Minneapolis. A brother, myself and ol lady got a big two-story house and 80 acres about 20 minutes south of the cities.

I tore out walls and put in a bar, slot machines, crap table, etc. for amusement only. After the bars would close we would get 50 to 150 brothers and sisters going through our doors every weekend. On the land we set up a shooting range where my brothers could shoot anything they wanted without hassles from Dudley Doright.

Last summer we had the first annual Whoredog Hoe Down. One hundred fifty to 250 putts lined my driveway and roared through the nearby towns. I got members from two pro bands, plus a couple of local talents for the 48-hour bash. The country pigs came at 6:00 a.m. on Sunday and asked me to turn it down a couple of decibels. Just then the band cranked it up and began playing "Born to Be Wild," and the pigs just left. I have plenty of pics from our dozens of parties.

Everything was going great until December. This fence came to a local tavern and asked a couple of my brothers where Speedo was. He

said he had some weapons that I might be interested in. This mutha-fucker is a drugstore biker, gangster type—my nine-year-old daughter knows more about scooters than this plastic turkey.

Well, my brothers came and picked me up to see this fucker, and when I got there he had some young punk with him. He tells me the punk is his protegee. I told the kid if he hangs around an asshole like the fence he'd end up in the joint or a drunken bum like his brother there. The fence jumped up reaching behind his coat. I broke the mutha-fucker's face pretty good. The bar owner asked me to let the guy up so I did. He needed stitches on his lips, so I tied his moustache together, and a bro brought some duct tape to close the cut. That didn't work so the kid was going to take him to the hospital, but instead of going to the hospital, the fence had the kid drive him to my house. Then the fence went nuts and blew the shit out of the kid, who was only 19. On New Year's Eve I was up in St. Paul and on the T.V. news we saw my picture and turned up the sound to listen. They wanted me for the murder of the kid. We turned the channel, and here the fence was on T.V. He turned himself in to the station and was saying that I, Speedo, and a local motorcycle club was out to whack him. What a mind fuck. I called a couple of bros and they said the SWAT teams just left their house. One said that the Chief Dick

said they were going to shoot first and ask questions later. What the fuck, I wasn't about to get blown away for something I didn't do. So I headed for Canada. It was too fuckin cold up there, so I managed to get to Mexico. After three weeks down there, I went to work in Arizona about 5 miles over the border.

One day 60 local and state pigs and a half a dozen FBI agents hit out house. A mountain behind me, a river on the side and pigs everywhere, but in the sky and the copter was on its way. I told them not to get itchy trigger fingers, that I was unarmed. They insisted I had grenades and other weapons, and I told them that they watched *Miami Vice* too much.

I was put in a county jail down there until the dicks from Minnesota and the FBI flew me back up there. Now here I sit with a million dollars bail. They put my ol lady in jail for perjury—\$10,000 bail. My dog is in the pound and my kid is kidnapped to Chicago.

What the fuck is next? I've spent 40,000 bucks in defense and they won't listen to shit. They said they wanted to get something on me for 15 years, and that they're going to run all the bikers out of here. Thy hit local H.A.'s last week for example.

This story may not help me, but it might help other brothers and sisters to keep from getting set up. The county is the most corrupt in Minnesota.—Tim Weierke (Speedo), Scott County Jail, Shakopee MI 55379

Gettin It Off Her Chest

□ I'm a female biker who owns a couple of sleds and have seen a lot of hard times. I have five tattoos and wear old leather, for which I've taken a lot of shit. I had my spine fractured by a cage driver making a last minute left turn over me. I've ridden many miles and encountered many different types of people. I love life and love being free, but I have to say something to the people who give me shit about being a biker....

Judge Me

Then ask yourself

Have I the right?

Condemn my beliefs

Then ask yourself

Do I secretly believe the same?
Attack my pride, scorn my soul,
deny my feelings, reject my ideals

Then ask yourself

Who's the fucking hypocrite?

Thanks for listening Iron Horse,
you've got a great rag.—Majik
Hawk, Milford, CT

We printed it Majik, but chances are the people who put you down aren't likely to read a biker rag like I.H.—Ed.

Pit Bulls

□ Out on the streets I was into these magnificent dogs. Well, I just read a training manual on these outlaw dogs called *Pit Bulls on Guard* and it's the best damn publication I ever read on training Pits. There's a lot of techniques in it that I never heard of before. If anyone

else out there is into training or raising Pit Bulls, they ought to get this book. Write to the Independent Dog Breeders Association, P.O. Box 34, Fall Creek, Oregon, 97438. They want \$4.95 for the book.—Hawaiian Robert, Sons of Hawaii MC, Oregon State Pen

Dare Ya

□ Have ya had your imagination fired lately? I sure did when I checked out the dude on the cover of *Iron Horse's Year Book Special* (Spring '86).

I want, need, must have, would greatly appreciate a *lifesize nude* pic of this guy. He makes Estrada, Stallone, and Selleck (my personal favorite) look like school boys.

How about it? You show plenty of tits, ass and pie for your male readers, but just as many ladies read your mag as guys. A little cock never hurt anyone. I dare ya—Cat, Waldorf, MD

Well Cat, ya see, it's like this: whereas we agree with ya that a little (or a lotta) cock never hurt a gal, (you are a female, right?), we prefer that scooter chicks receive theirs in the flesh and not on paper. We don't want ya wastin yer libido on a dude's photo—you should be out makin some Harley tramp happy instead of fantasizin about a Stallone or a Selleck. Get out and look around—we're sure you can find a bro as good as Italian Tony, and if not, come on up to the office where we can rustle ya up all of the "lifesized nudes" you can handle. C'mon...we dare ya.—Ed.

Playin' Leap Tit

□ I don't know who you guys are trying to fool. Check out your March issue on the Houston tattoo convention. You've got a picture of some chick named Coco, she's got two tattoos just over her jugs.

Now I buy your mag and others. In the April issue of *Outlaw Biker*, they show the same convention, and the tattoos on the chick are switched (smooth move). I don't know if it's trick photography or the artist fucked up. Someone did. If you have an explanation for this, maybe I'll come across it someday. Oh, by the way the spread on Renee Dubois was fuckin excellent. She's a fuckin piece.—Bear

We took the liberty of sendin Grub off on a seek and rip-off mission to the newsstand where he picked up that other Biker rag, so as to solve this mystery. Sure enough, there was Coco in the pages of the other rag, with her tats miraculously playin leap tit, but this time it ain't our fuck up. If ya look real close at the photo on page 39 of the March *Iron Horse*, you'll see a tat on the wrist of the dude tweakin Coco's pierced nipple; the tat says "Rock'n Roll." This proves that it wasn't our gang who fucked up and reversed the slide durin printing (unless the dude had his tat put on backwards). We ain't namin names, but their initials are O.B.—Ed.



"Yep, we were right. The bucket does keep the head intact!"



ARE YA GETTIN' ANY AT HOME?

If ya ain't, ya might think about investin in a sub to the rag. Waddafuck for?

10 PRETTY FAIR REASONS TO SUBSCRIBE

1. It's snowin, sleetin, rainin outside. Let the postman bust his hump on the slick roads.
2. Yer in the slam.
3. Yer goin to the slam.
4. Yer paper-trainin the dobie.
5. It's too much trouble to remember to buy the rag every month.
6. Ya got better things ta do than look fer the rag.
7. Ya can't talk. Or don wanna.
8. Ya wanna save some bucks off the newsstand price.
9. Ya'd rather fuck than buy a goddamned magazine.
10. Some other stuff

So subscribe to IRON HORSE and leave the rest to us. That way you'll be sure not to miss a single issue — each one filled with spittails flashin, righteous

iron roarin and more flicks of you'all partyin than any other rag around.

IRON HORSE — The damnest scooter sheet ya ever seen.

Subscription Dept. **iron horse**

P.O. Box 578 Chester, NY 10918

Check one: ☐ \$37.00 for 12 issues

(Save more than 10%)

☐ \$70 for 24 issues

(Save more than 15%)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do ya own a bike? Make _____ Is it chopped? _____

(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).





THREE DRUMS AND THREE MONTHS

Prime Ingredients For This Prize Winnin Pan

Story by Phelgm Jim Photos by WW

Douglas Rykel's pride and joy wasn't much to take pride in this time last year. This gorgeous '49 Pan was in somewhat sorry shape when he first laid eyes on her, — she didn't even look like a motor-cycle, in fact she looked like junk. But when Douglas saw the three oil drums of rusty, antique Harley parts he had the smarts that only develops in a true biker, enabling him to see what the basket case could be with a little restoration magic.

And what magic! Inspired by the goal of makin the Rat's Hole Show in Daytona '86 Douglas and his two bros, Mallard Teal, and Bob Twedt, had

completed the project within three months of acquirin the three drums of parts. No use checkin out the tech sheet, the bike is completely bone stock except for the late model seat. Just shows ya what you can do with a little dedication and sweat. The bros worked six to eight hours a night on the bike five nights a week, and when they made it to the Rat's Hole the hard work paid off. The bike copped fourth place and was fired up for the first time all on the same day. Not a bad birthday present for the born again Pan.

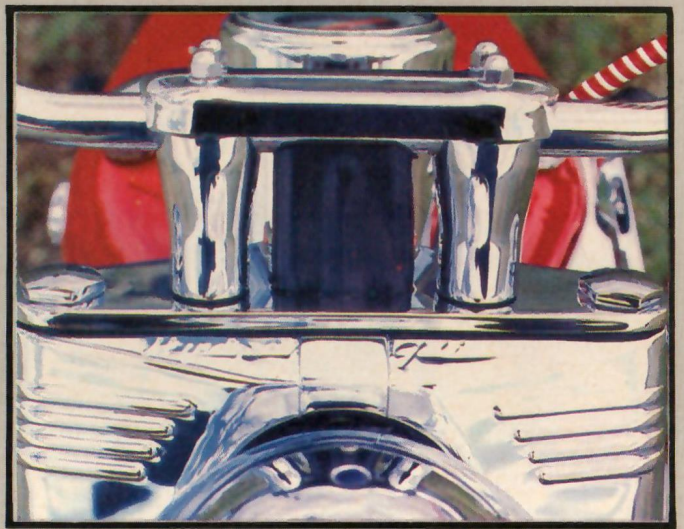
The bike has 28,000 original miles on it but Doug is remedyin that situation pretty quickly. Even though he's got

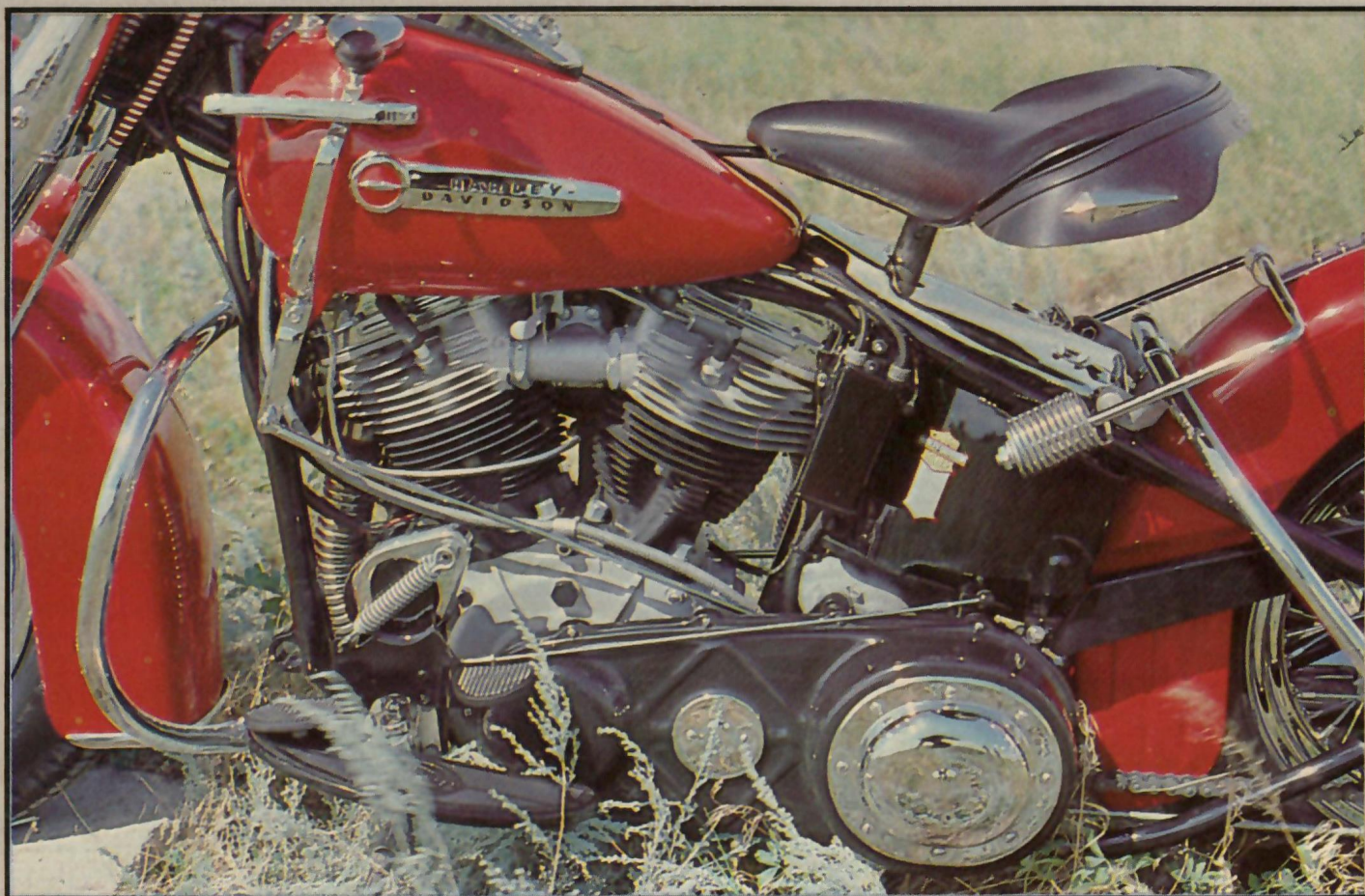
three other Harleys (a '58 XLH, a 73 XLH, and a '79 FLH) the '49 Pan is his main ride. He took her over to Sturgis this year and ran into a guy who does exact reproductions of the old stock H-D leather and stud saddlebags. That's a pair you see on the Pan right now. Doug had so many problems with the after market, so-called retro-fit accessories that he decided to go with all H-D parts on the Pan, and was wary of any more of the retro stuff. But the high quality of the bags from Pearl Mfg. added so much class to his Pan that he replaced the original bags with them. (Write em at Pearl Mfg. Box 145, Easthampton, MA 01027 (413)586-4342).

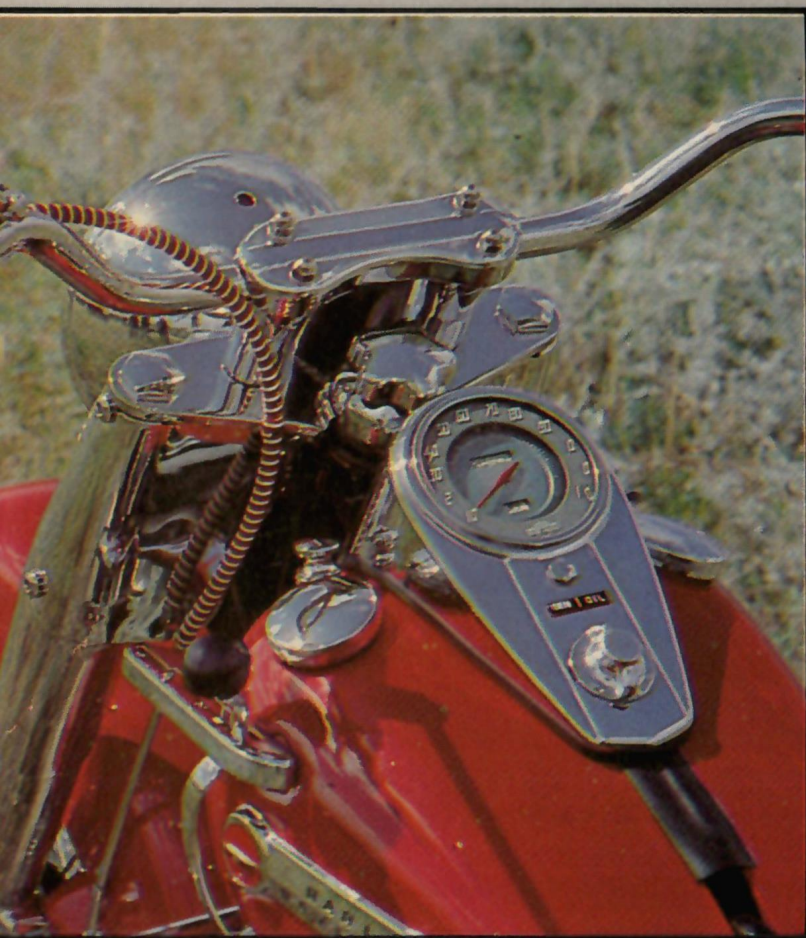
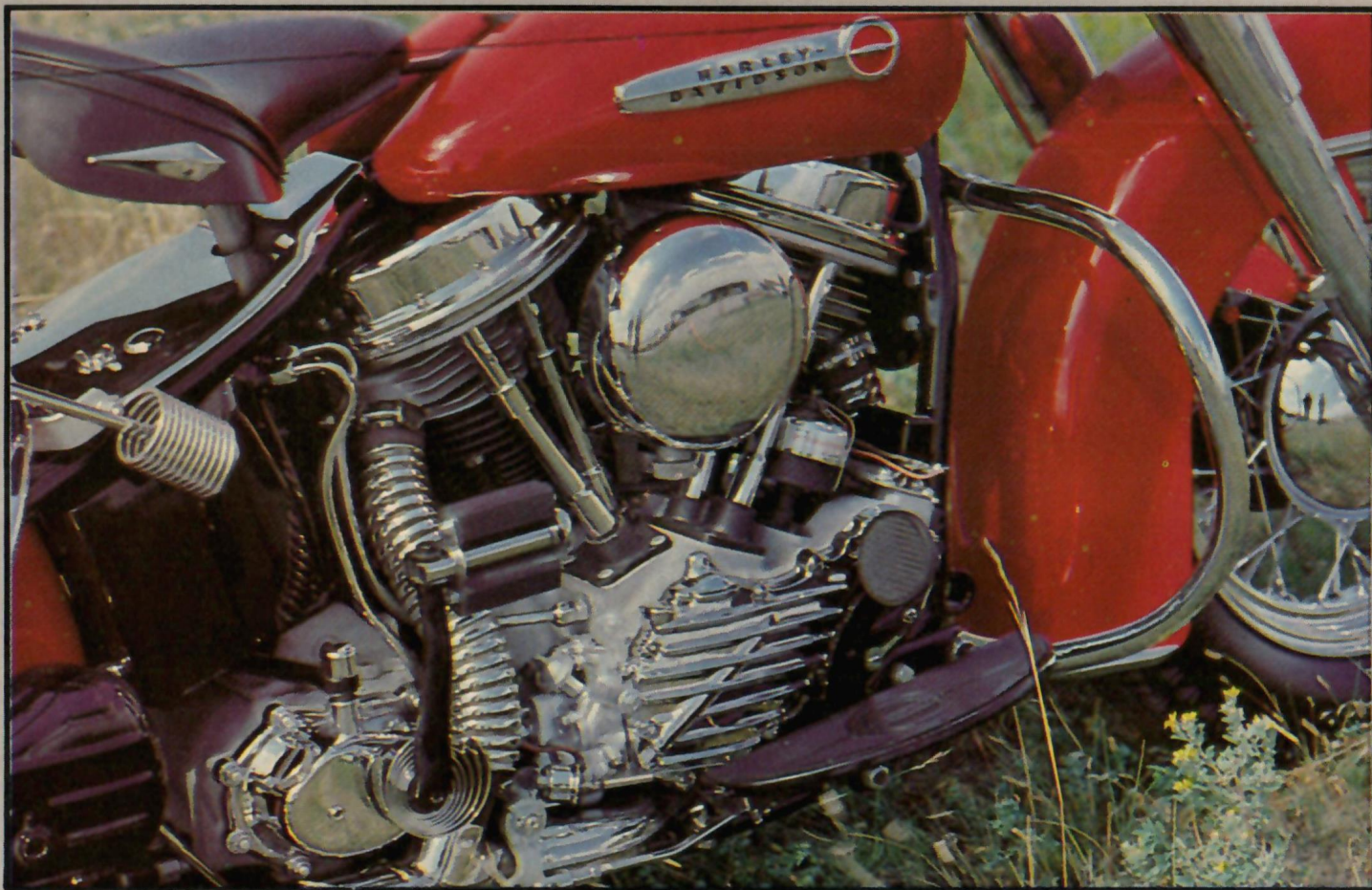












TECH SHEET

Owner: Douglas Rykel
City: St. Paul, Minn

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 1949 H-D
Model: FL
Value: Ten Grand
Assembly By: Owner
Chroming: \$1500

Engine

Year: '49
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 74 cubes
Lower End: Stock
Balancing: Stock
Pistons: Stock
Cases: Stock
Heads: Stock
Cams: Stock
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: Linkert
Air Cleaner: H-D
Pipes: Stock
Mufflers: H-D

Frame

Year: 1949
Builder: H-D
Type: Straight
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: Blasted, repainted

Accessories

Bars: Stock
Risers: Stock

Fenders: Stock
Headlight: Stock
Taillight: Stock
Speedo: Stock
Front Pegs: Stock
Rear Pegs: Stock
Electrics: 6v; rewired by Bob
Gas Tank: Stock
Oil Tank: Stock
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: Stock
Seat: Late Model Solo

Tranny

Modifications: None
Year: '49
Shifting: Hand

Painting

Molding: None
Painter: Mallard
Color: Red
Type: Lacquer
Special Paint: None

Forks

Type: Hydraulic
Extension: Stock
Builder: H-D
Special Features: Chrome

Wheels

Front Wheel: 16"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Avon
Front Brake: Drum
Rear Brake: Drum



WHAT A GREAT DAY

by Dopey Doat

"Fuckin bug! I hate bugs.", Wharp tossed a rock at the tine insect, as its six legs hauled its ass across the parking lot, trying to escape Wharp's fury.

Wharp hated all insects. At the moment Wharp hated all living things. A few unliving things too. Like his ratted out Harley, which sat motionless a few feet away. For some reason the bike had mysteriously died right in the middle of nowhere, so far off the beaten path, Wharp wasn't really sure where he was.

Man, the day started out great. The weather was beautiful. Blue skies and an endless choice of back roads, voice of traffic, with its left turn drivers, noise and congestion. Wharp had been cruising along with two fifths of wine under his belt, and an endless chain of single lane roads under his wheels. Then faster than a stroaked Sporty can pull a wheelie, everything went sour. One minute Wharp was buzzing and the rat was chugging along, and then the next minute, the rat was silent and Wharp was cursing, and coming down on the kick starter for the seven Billionth time.

"Sonofabitch!", Wharp screamed, his boot lashing out, kicking his front wheel.

The bike quivered, rocked a couple of times and fell over on its side, smashing the mirror, decapitating the clutch lever, and Wharp heard his last fifth of wine die in glass smashing agony within the saddlebags.

"Damn! Shit! Fuck! Holy fucking hell!", Wharp threw his hat down on the pavement and jumped up and down on it.

As Wharp stomped around, cursing in

unbridled anger, he glanced at the phone booth, at the other side of the parking lot, for what seemed like the millionth time. Damn, that fuckin telephone repair truck was still there. The only phone booth around and it had to be busted.

It was all Angie's fault. Angie was Wharp's ol' lady, who, three hours, before had laughed when she found out that his beloved rat had died. Which resulted in several choruses of "Fuck You Bitch" in E, and the slamming down of the receiver. It wasn't Wharp's fault that the candy ass, jap plastic phone wasn't no good. Fuck Japan. Fuck that bitch, who needs her, Wharp thought. The Dobie's been eyeing up that fuckin cat of yours, anyway. You just wait.

Turning around, Wharp turned his pissed off attention toward the pile of wire, tape, and spare parts he called a bike.

"It's your fault, you know! You're the one who got me into this mess. Why the hell couldn't ya break down within the fuckin city limits! Like ya usually do!"

"Nooo! You had to wait till we get to god knows where, then fuck up. What the hell's wrong with you anyway? You know I'm no fuckin wrench. Hell you only got a hundred forty thousand miles on your ass. Shit, you're almost new!" Wharp screamed.

He kicked his rear tire, then watched in horror as his tire deflated.

"Sonofabitch!"

"Get a Honda!", a kid in a truck yelled as he rode past.

Wharp thanked them by verbally

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38





In a Word . . . **STURGIS!**

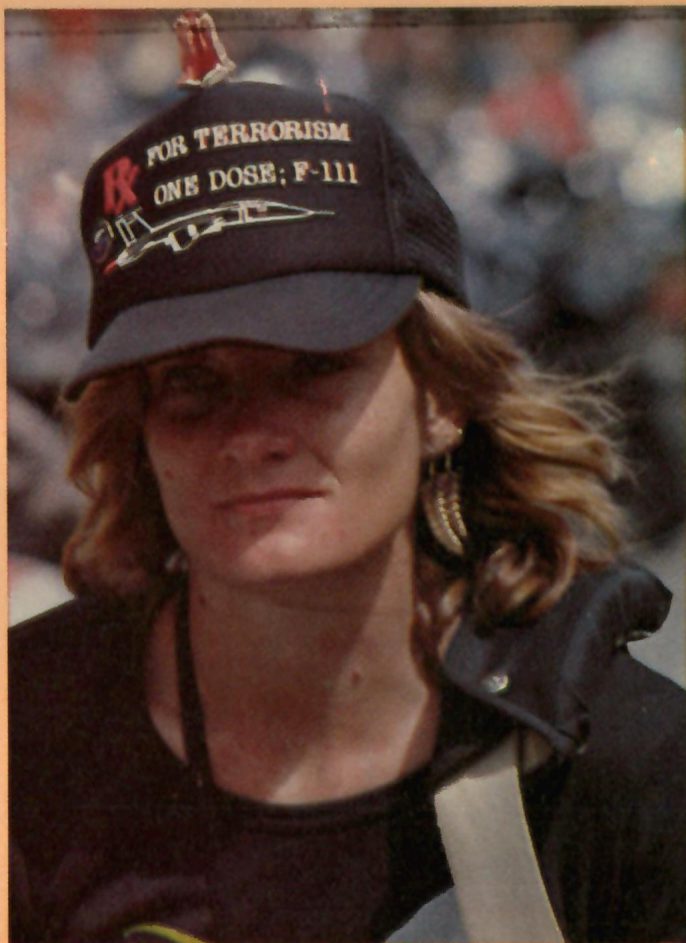
Party Bound in the Black Hills

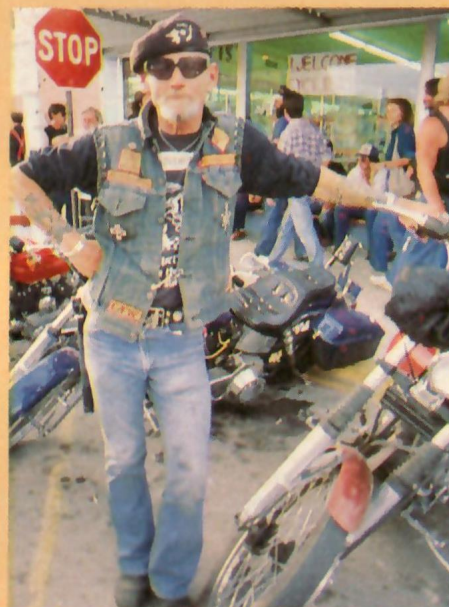
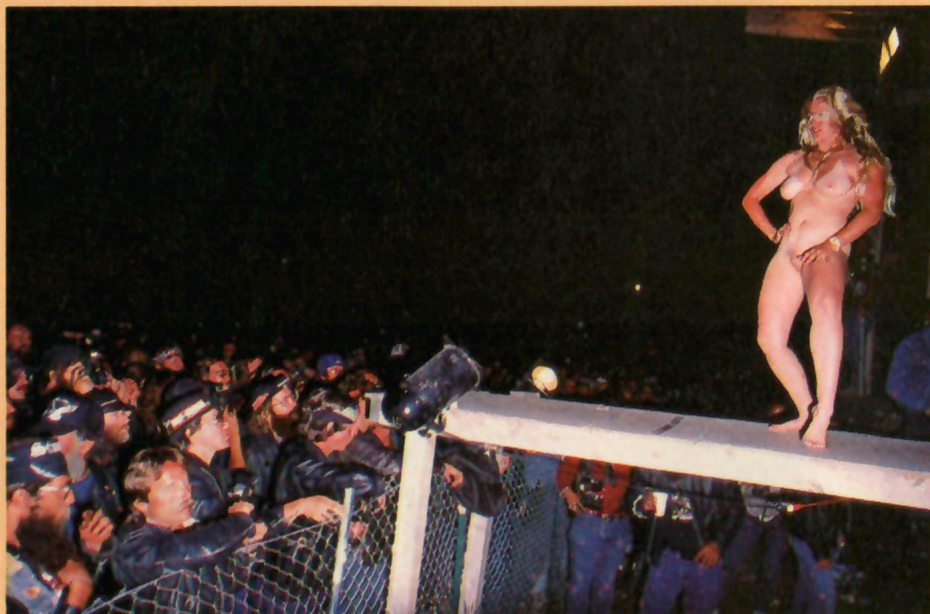


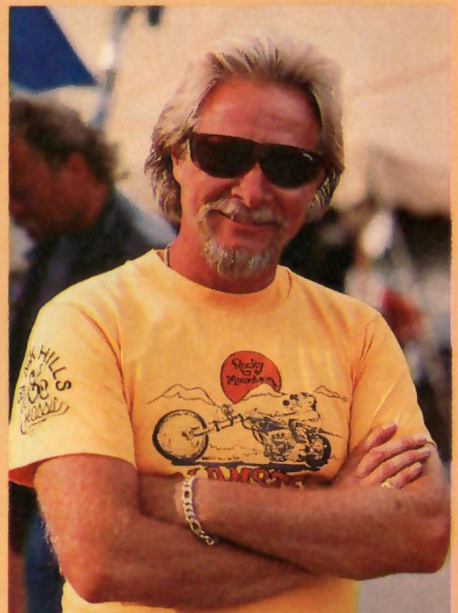
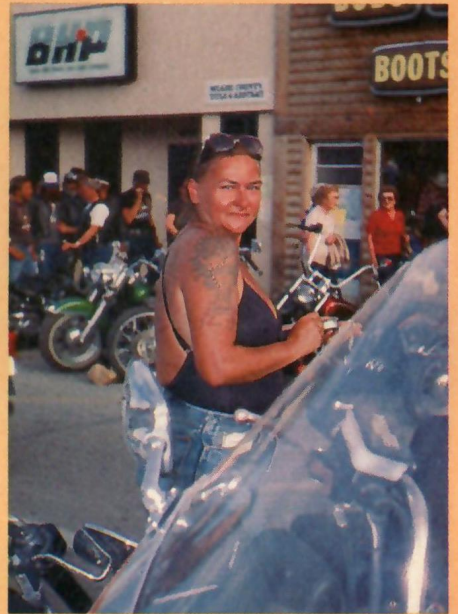
Photos by WW

What can ya say that ain't been said already? Just think of *Sturgis*; a sleepy South Dakota town for fifty one weeks out of the year, *the Black Hills*; the center of the world and the holiest ground of the Sioux Indians, *Mt. Rushmore*; whose guardians of freedom smile down on the last free people left in the country, *August*; the hot sunshine and dry heat that can cloud over with hair-raising thunderstorms faster than the weatherman can say, "clear skies", *Harley-Davidsons*; everywhere ya look they're shinin under the big sky and it's enough to say that it's the only bike good enough to ride over holy ground, *the Women*; luscious cat eyed lovely, or junkyard dog, they all look good at Sturgis, *the Bros*; the West was never this wild, *Pappy*; th4 true pioneer who started it all with the Jackpine Gypsies, *the cops*; cooler than Daytona, *the cash*; makes it all possible, *the races*; huh? Put it all together and ya get; *The Party*.

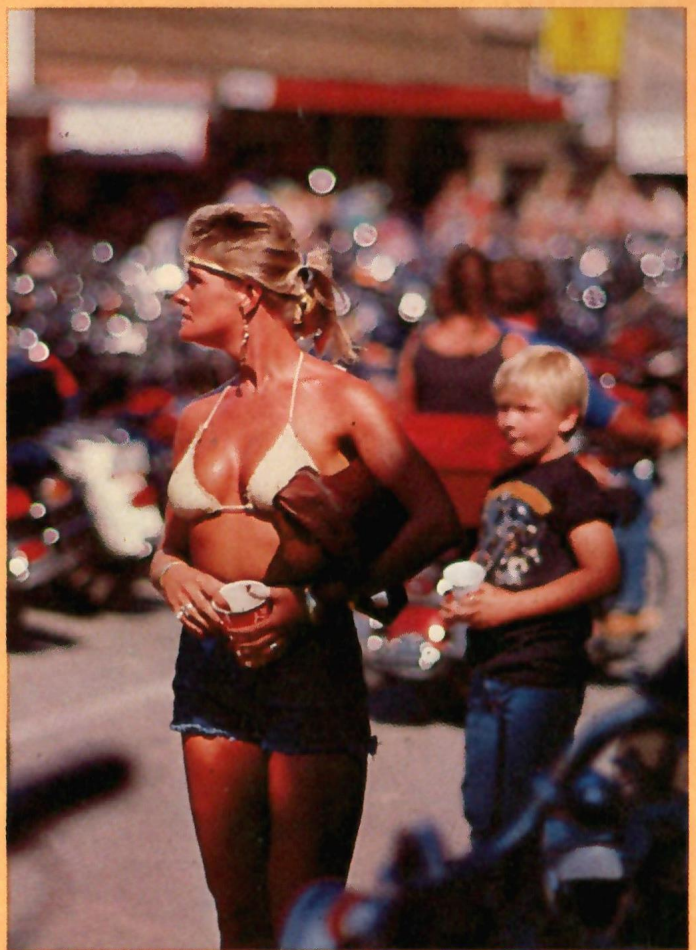












HONEST MICHAEL'S FAMILY ALBUM

Check these pics out. Ya think it was easy ridin a scoot back in the old days? Think about magnetos, 6 volt electrics, and roads that would bust the rear axle on a Mack truck. We got it easy these days bros, what with black box ignitions, waterproof, solid state, micro chip, NASA approved electrics, and cushy Interstate highways that would put a baby asleep. All ya gotta do these days to go off on a run is hop on the bike and push a button. Shit, no wonder there's so many wannabes on the roads --- ya don't need no muscle or know-how, just bucks. Ah well, ya gotta take the good with the bad, but it just seems like somethin special was lost in the long years between 1986 and 1950. Maybe somethin called brotherhood.

So take your stroker caps off to the hard-core bikers of yesteryear, and to a time when you knew who your brothers were --- anyone who loved motorcycles, instead of a phony attitude.

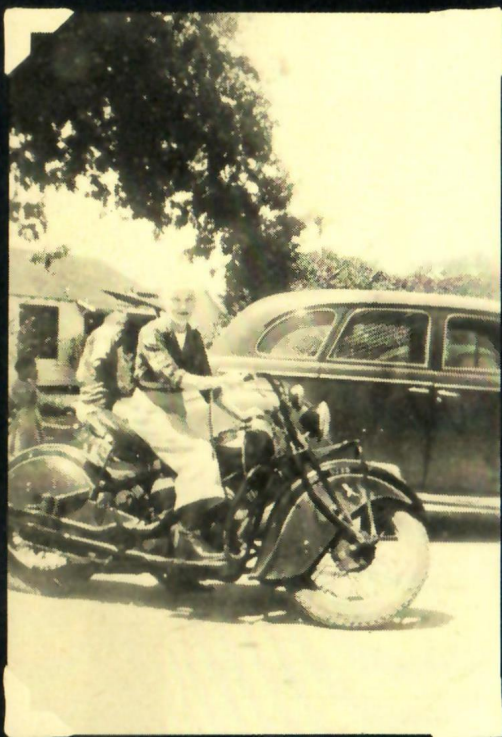
"These photos are of my parents and their riding partners, taken between 1947 and 1951. I grew up listenin to their bike stories, and was born with scooter blood in my veins. I was born on a Sunday, and Dad, just like and rider with class, was right

where he was supposed to be; at the flat track watchin the races and down in Grand Prize beers. So Dad waited until the last race before crashin the hospital along with a few of his partners. I'd like to share some of their colorful past with you."

*Dad, fresh out of the Navy
and ready to ride his Indian.*



Mom, on a 45.



*Cutie on Dad's Indian. The scooter had a magneto and straights,
and was hard to start. But once it did it screamed.*



*Mom on the left, with girlfriends.
No tit shots back then.*

*Times are gettin better in this shot,
a new Indian with plenty of chrome.*



Mom and a friend.



*The ol man sold this 45 for two hundred dollars
at twenty a month. he still had to repo it.*

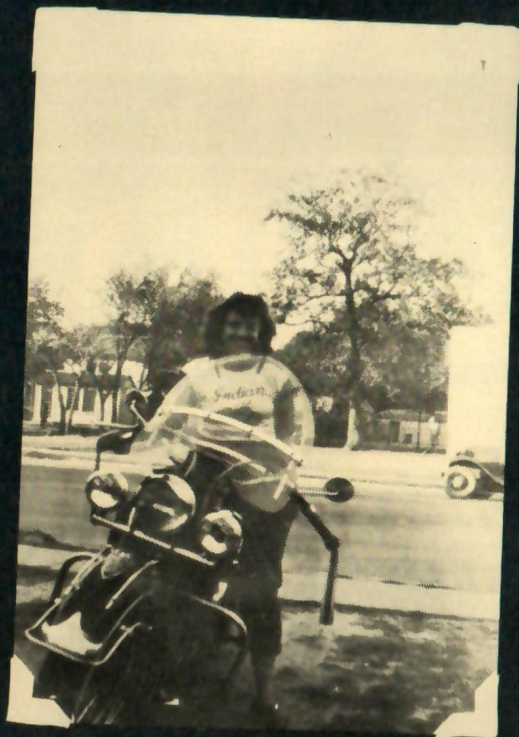


Heading out on a gypsy tour to Louisiana.

Ear to ear grin. Proud of the chromed out Indian.



1940's scooter tramps.

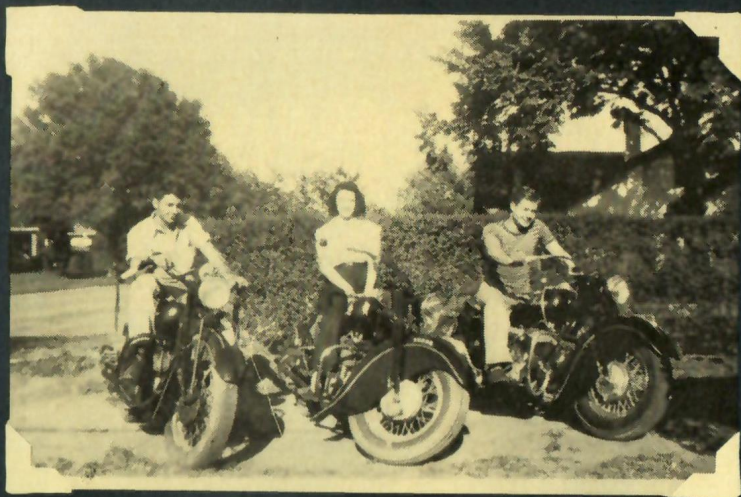


Mom on the pride and joy.



Mom on a river run.

Going to Louisiana from Houston for the races.



The scooter on the left was a stroker with homemade straights.



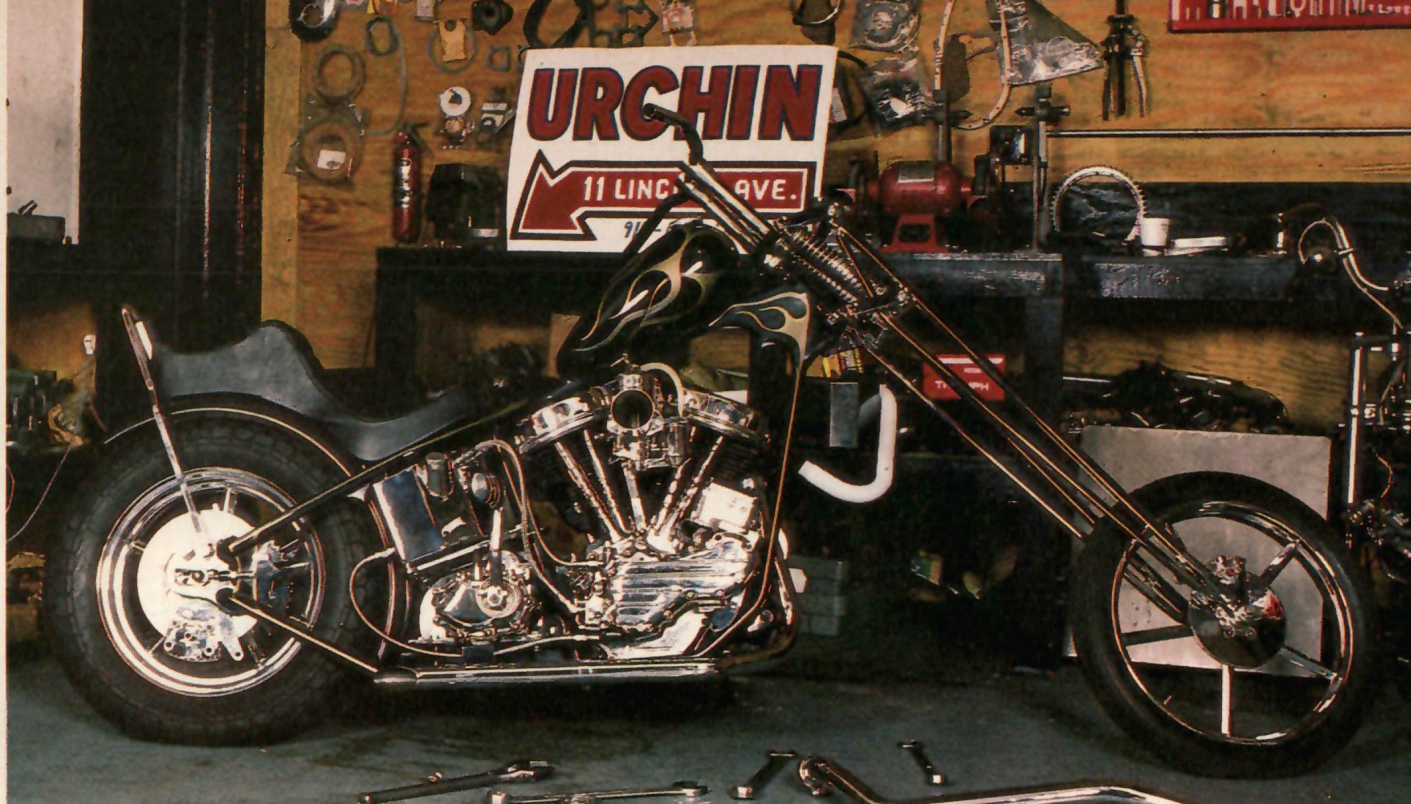
I couldn't start it, but I got a ride on it everyday.



Mom and Dad before the arrival of yours truly.



This scooter was ridden from Houston to Arkansas and Granny's house after my ass was hatched.



PANHEAD'S PROGRESS

We were out on cruise up New Rochelle way durin one of the few sunny days of the rainy NY summer when we decided to drop in on Richie Urchin of Urchin Cycles. But before we got there I'd decided to drop my Superhog on my right leg after runnin over an oil slick at a nearby Mobile station. There I was, calmly supportin the 600 lb. beast with my knee and ankle joints listenin to the merry sounds of my ligaments snappin loose while the pump jockey and the blue haired ol grannies he was givin it to just sat and stared until I broke the embarrassing silence with a high pitched, "Get this fucker offa me!" 'Course my partners were already a

half mile down Main St. so I had to be rescued by the pump jockey who split a gut heftin the Hog which came through without a scratch. Watch those greasy pit stops, bros.

I caught up with the rest of the scouting party at Richie's and limped on into the crowded shop. "Whatcha walkin funny for?" they asked. Told them I clipped a Caddy with my leg while splittin lanes and got some sympathetic nods, not to mention a couple brews. We checked out Richie's crop of project scoots and decided to give ya survey-like of what he's up to. So here you've got is oldest and newest projects, one is an unfinished, never endin epic Panhead

that ain't even seen a glimmer at the end of the tunnel after twelve (12) years of wrenchin. The other is a clean '68 XLCH that Richie just finished in late spring, but whose owner has yet to pick it up. Somethin about cash flow. I heard that.

The Pan has been in the works for over a decade; seems that somethin always comes up but the owner's enthusiasm for the bike hasn't dimmed any. It's just that certain unforeseen interruptions peculiar to bikers have plagued this particular bro and if my guess is right he'll see this bike in this mag before he sees it in person again. She's been true to ya; fired up once a week but nobody'll ride her but you.

TECH SHEET

OWNER: Randy Ramstella
CITY: Somewhere in Jersey
FABRICATION BY: Urchin Cycles
YEAR AND MAKE: 1958 H-D
MODEL: FLH
VALUE: \$12,000
ASSEMBLY BY: Urchin
CHROMING: Urchin

ENGINE
YEAR: 1958
MODEL: FL
REBUILDER: Urchin
IGNITION: Joe Hunt Magneto
DISPLACEMENT: 74"
LOWER END: Stock
BALANCING: Urchin
PISTONS: Stock
CASES: Chromed
HEADS: Manley valves

CAMS: Hot
LIFTERS: Solids
CARBS: 2" SU
AIR CLEANER: Stack
PIPES: 40" Drags
MUFFLERS: Nope

FRAME
YEAR: Custom Jammer
BUILDER: Jammer/Urchin
TYPE: Rigid
RAKE:
STRETCH:
OTHER ALTERATIONS: Molding, reinforced

ACCESSORIES:
BARs: Pullback drags
RISERS: 4"
FENDERS: Flat
HEADLIGHT: None

TAILLIGHT: None
SPEEDO: No
FRONT PEGS: Could be
REAR PEGS: Doubtful
ELECTRICS: Urchin
GAS TANK: Paughco
OIL TANK: Octagon
OIL SYSTEM: Stock
PRIMARY COVER: H-D
SEAT: Corbin Gentry

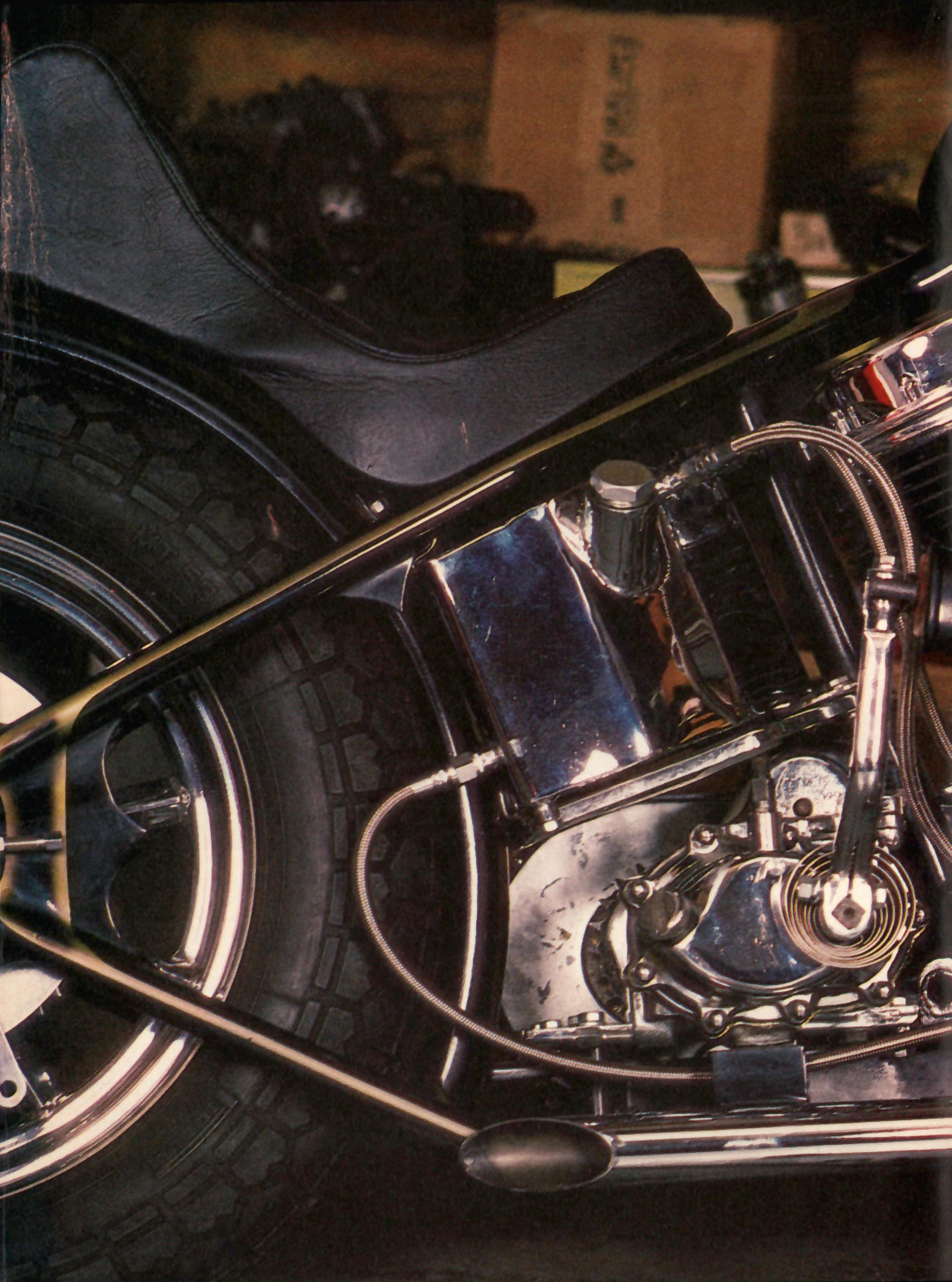
TRANNNY
MODIFICATIONS: ALL ANDREWS
YEAR: 58
SHIFTING: Foot
PAINTING
MOLDING: Urchin

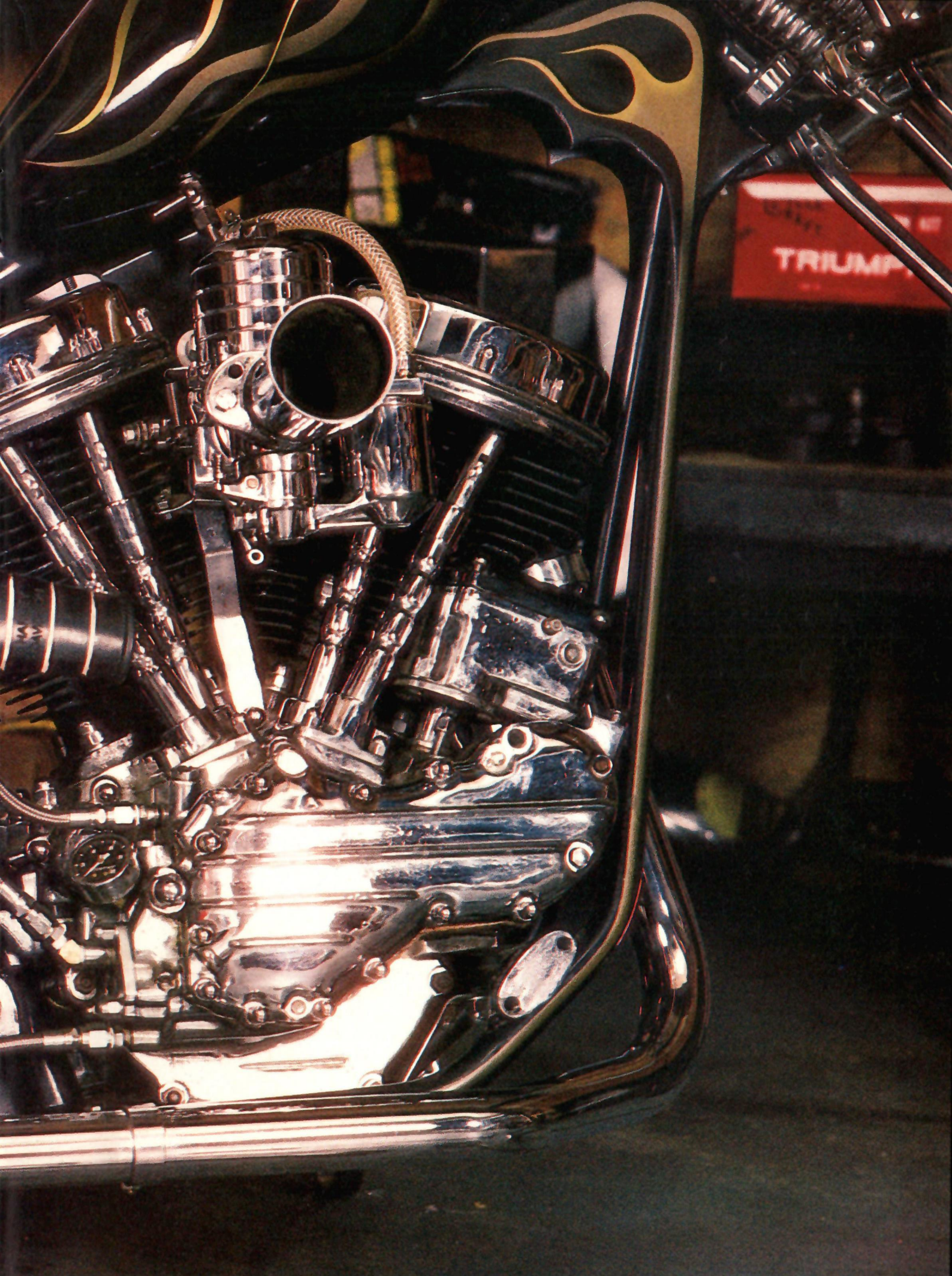
PAINTER: Urchin
COLOR: Black/Gold flames
TYPE: Lacquer
SPECIAL PAINT: None

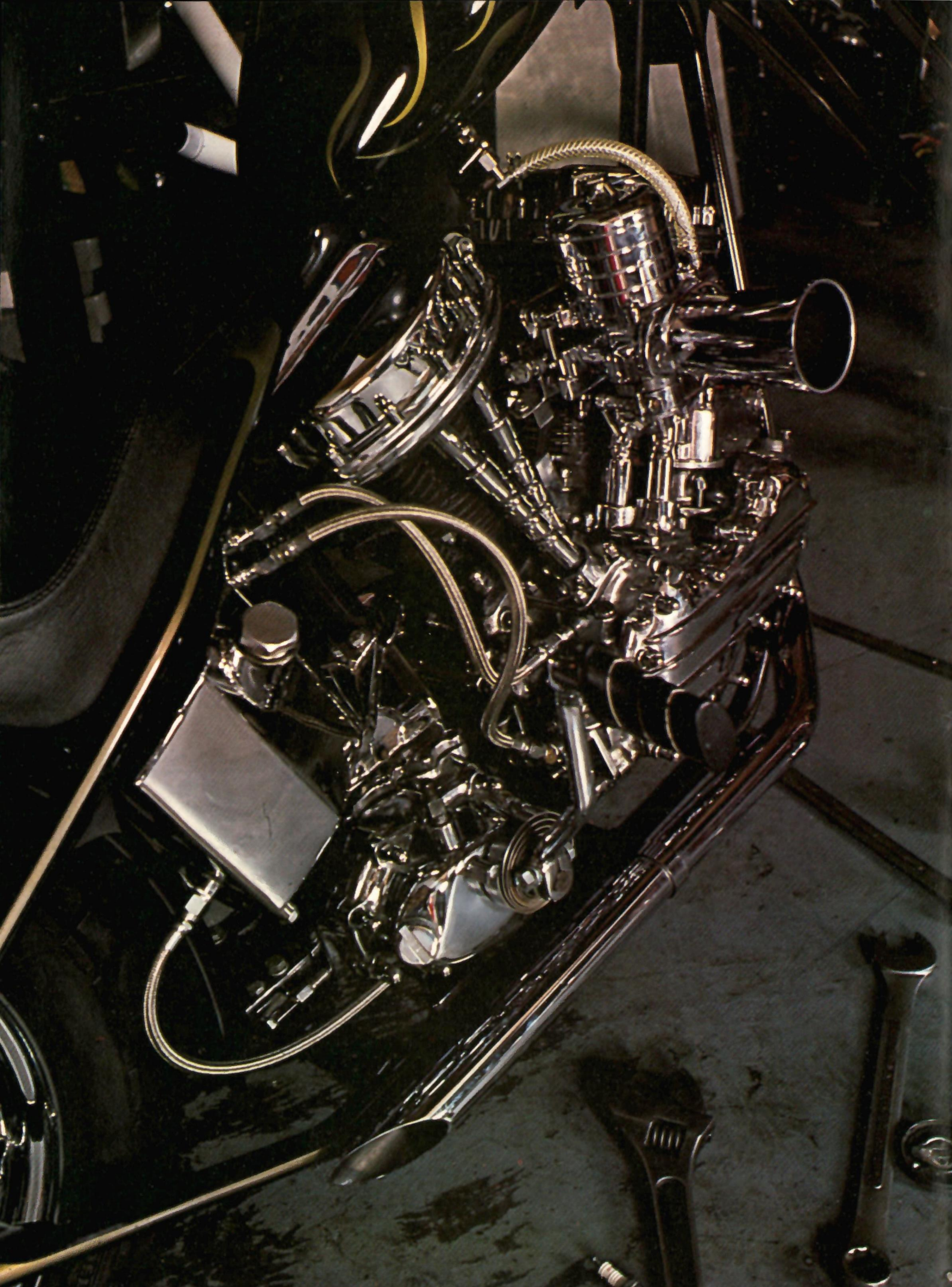
FORKS
TYPE: Fury Girder
EXTENSION: 16" over
BUILDER: Fury
SPECIAL FEATURES: Chromed

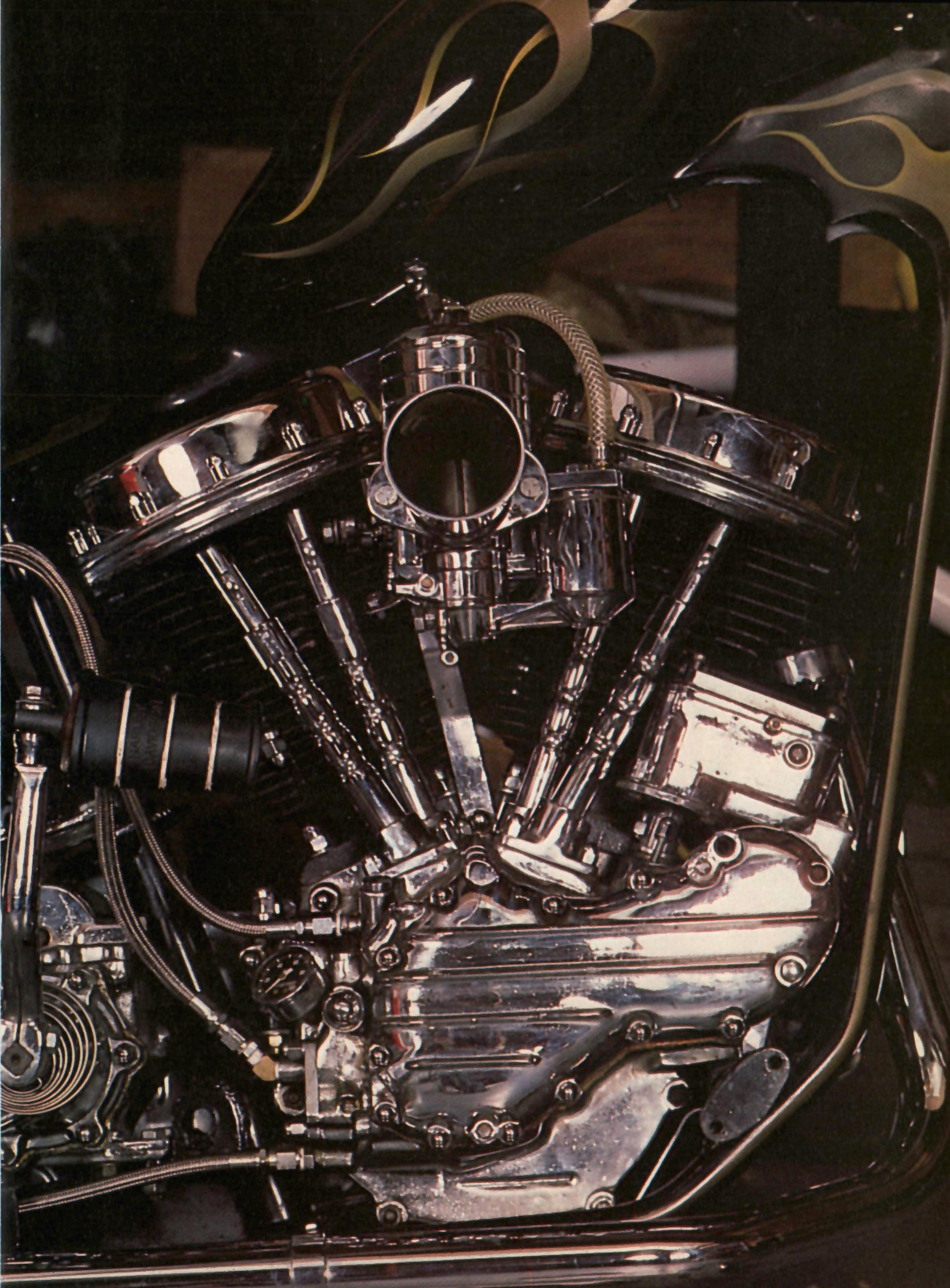
WHEELS
FRONT WHEEL: 18"
REAR WHEEL: 16"
FRONT HUB: Invader
REAR HUB: Invader
FRONT TIRE: Avon
REAR TIRE: Pirelli
FRONT BRAKE: None
REAR BRAKE: Drum

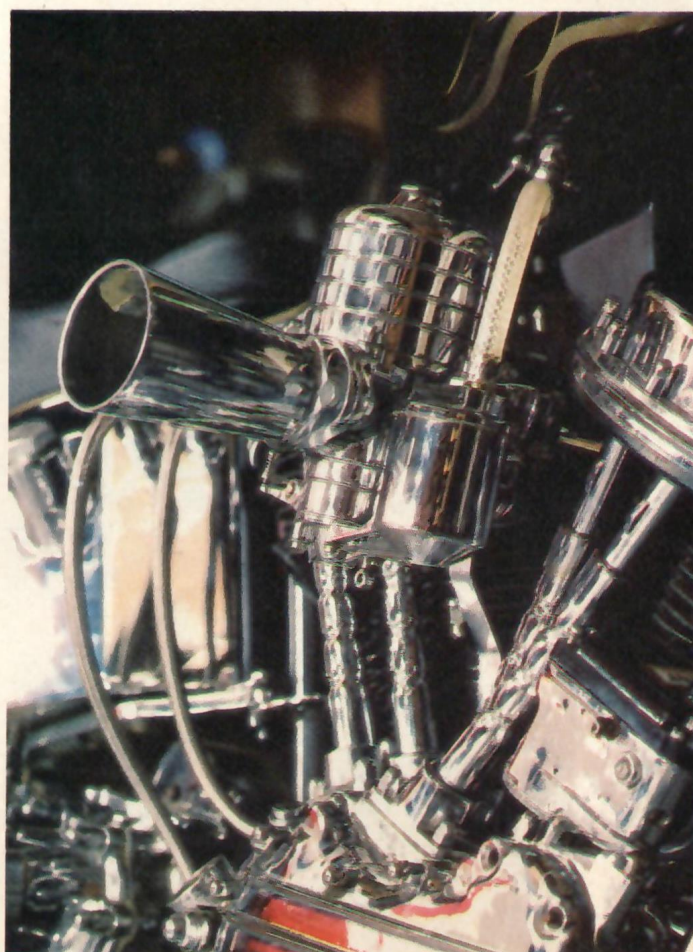
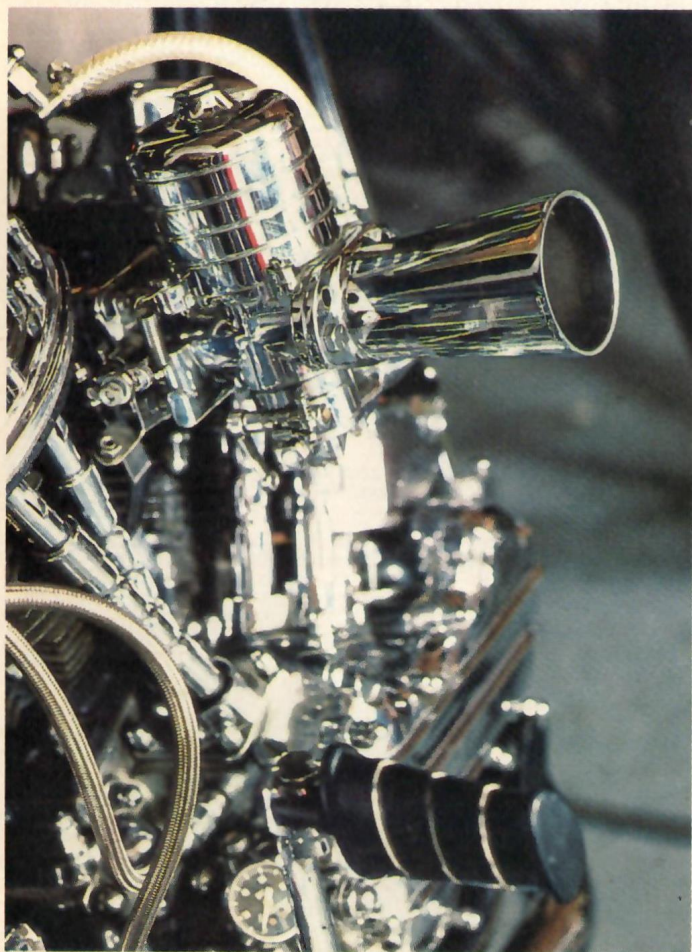
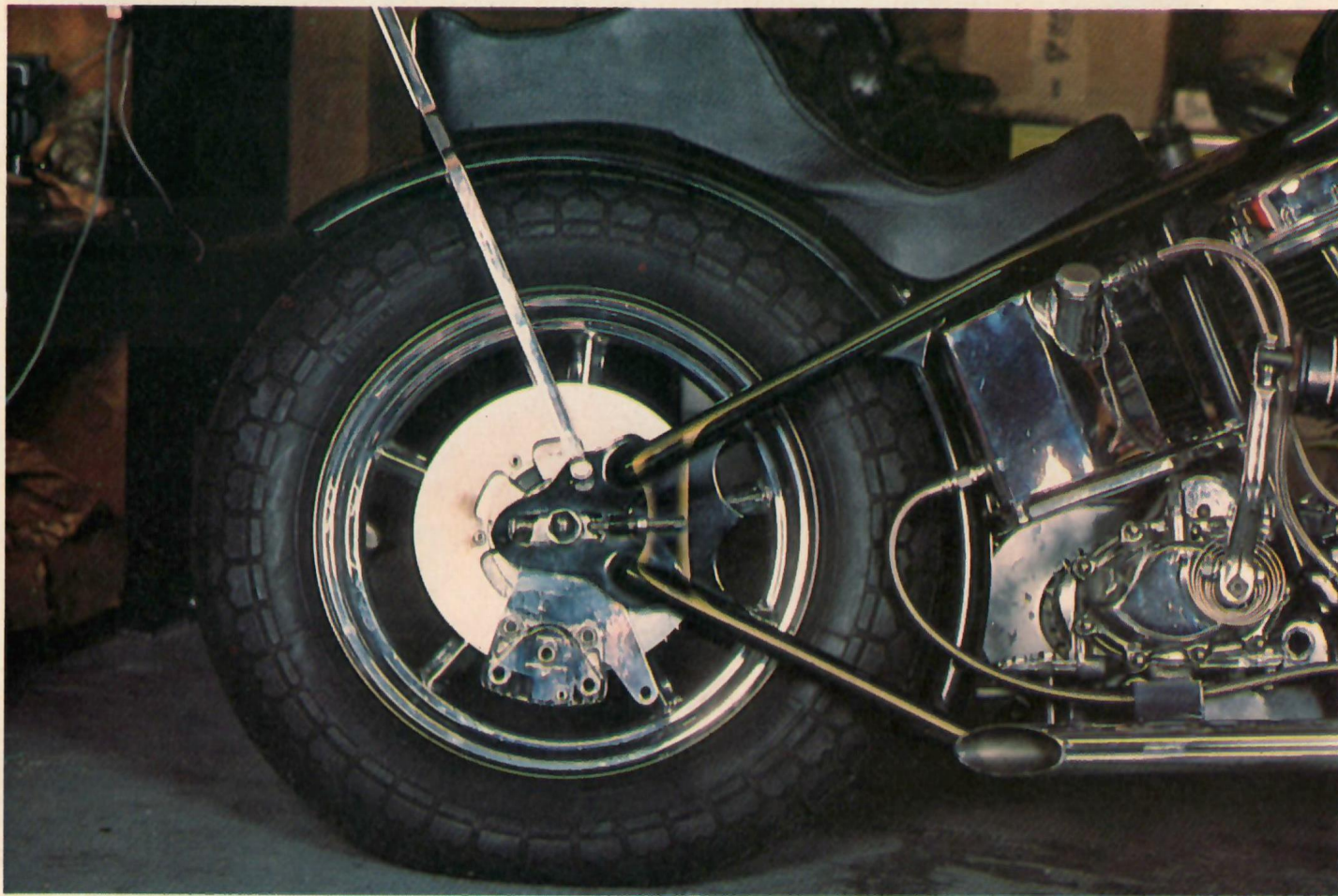
Photos By Matt Bradley

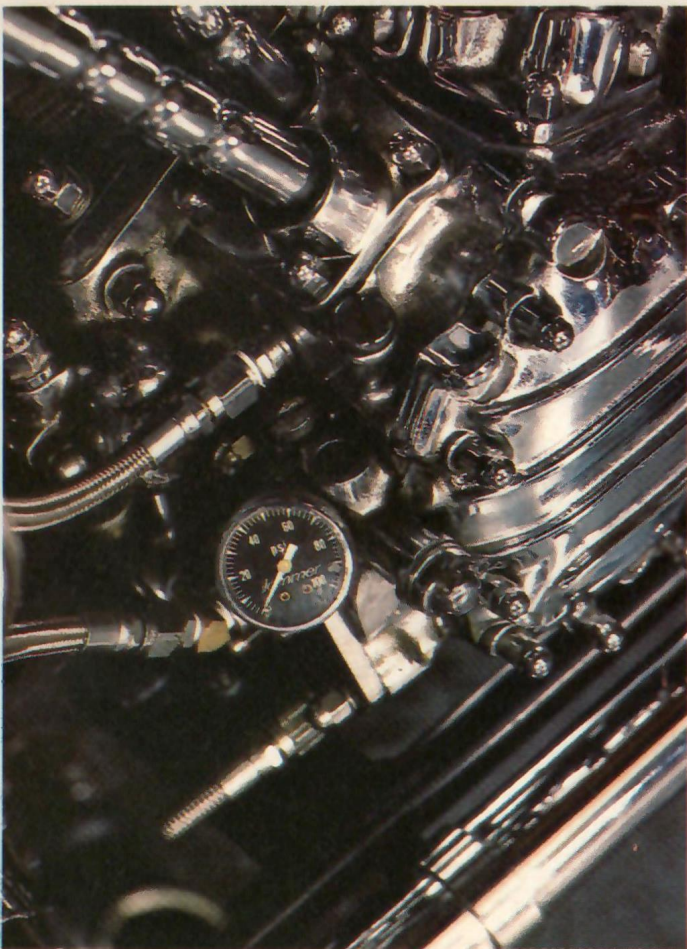














DOG KING AND THE CONCRETE WATERMELON CAPER

By H.P. Christopher

Wes and the Kid were streaking down old highway 66 as it crosses the Mojave Desert when disaster struck. The tire on the sidehack of the Kid's Harley blew out, and it was only with a little skill and a lot of fucking luck that he stopped his machine before it blazed a new trail across the desert.

Wes slowed down and turned his '39 Knucklehead around as soon as he realized something was amuck. The kid was surveying the damage to his '51 Panhead and making sure his dog King, who had been riding in the hack, was all right. With a grim shake of his head Wes made his way to the ice chest sitting in the front of the hack and fished out a cold beer. Dog King fetched one for himself while the Kid grabbed a cola.

"What are we gonna do, Wes?" the Kid asked, knowing there wasn't a service station within twenty miles.

"Well," Wes began slowly as he chugged down his beer, "the first thing you should do is quit drinking that repulsive carbonated shit. It clouds the mind and will give ya zits. Hell, even that fucking dog of yours has better sense than to drink that cola crud."

"Thanks, Wes," King said sarcastically. "However, I don't think that subject was of primary concern to the Kid."

"Uh, ya," Wes mumbled in reply. It still startled him at times to be rebuked by a mutt. It was a natural occurrence to the Kid on the other hand, having been raised almost at the same food dish with King.

"Anyway," Wes continued, "We don't have enough beer to camp here on a permanent basis so we had better do something to get that tire fixed."

"There was a combination bar-cafe-garage back down the road about twenty-five miles," King offered. "Why don't you boys take the bad tire off the Kid's hack and take it there to be fixed?"

"That sounds like a capital idea to me," Wes said as he fired up another brew. "Maybe there'll be some easy women back there, eh Kid?" The Kid's blushing had Wes chuckling as he scouted around for a good place to

piss.

After five minutes of work mixed with twenty minutes of Wes' cussing they got the wheel off the hack. "What about your dog?" Wes asked as he and the Kid climbed on his scooter.

"I have a funny feeling that worthless mutt's figuring on chugging down as much of my brew as he can while we're gone."

The Kid shook his head in denial. "Nah, Wes, he wouldn't do that. Besides, I'll pay for any of your beer he drinks."

"Well, if you're paying I guess it don't matter how much he drinks. Let's get the fuck out of here before we melt." With a wide open throttle West roared out on to the highway with the Kid glancing back at his faithful hound, hoping the mutt wouldn't be in a stupor when they returned.

A few minutes later the Kid found out his pooch wasn't only drunk on the desert. The beers West had shot down had evidently made his throttle hand a bit heavy, for in a matter of minutes they were flying down the highway at well over a hundred. The kid closed his eyes and tried to think positively, employing the logic that since old Wes had been ridin' when the Kid had still been in diapers chances were he wasn't going to eat the big one now.

That line of reasoning seemed sound until the sudden jarring motion of the bike forced the Kid to open his eyes. He noticed immediately that they were no longer on the highway but instead riding parallel to it, chunking up the sand the cactus as they went. After a few hundred yards of this Wes was roused from his slumber by the combined effects of the bumpy ride and the Kid's hysterical screams.

"Guess I dozed off for a minute," Wes chuckled over his shoulder as he made his way back to the road. "Didn't scare ya, did I?"

"Nah," the Kid mumbled while trying to figure out a way to remove the goo he had just deposited on the seat. "I've seen you do worse."

They made it to the garage without

further incident, parking the bike in front of the cafe. The Kid carried his wheel over the the garage, which was guarded by a fat slob sitting on a milk crate.

"Howdy," the Kid called out. "I need this tire fixed as soon as you can get to it." With no other work in sight the Kid expected to be off without much delay.

"It'll be a coupla hours 'fore I can get to it," the slob grunted as a stream of tobacco juice shot out of the corner of his mouth.

"Whenever. Me and my partner will be in the cafe till you're done with it." Th slob grunted again as the Kid walked off in the direction of the cafe. When the Kid entered the dimly lit room he spotted Wes at one of the small tables, a pitcher of beer in front of him.

"Get yourself a glass, Kid, we might as well have some lunch while we're waiting for your tire." The Kid sat down and glanced over the menu but couldn't muster much of an appetite, especially after seeing the old broad who was evidently both the cook and the waitress. She was a female version of the fat slob at the garage, although thankfully she didn't have tobacco juice dribbling down her chin.

The Kid noticed that when she came over to take their order she gave old Wes the eye. "Do ya want want anything else?" she cooed after taking his order.

"I could go for a woman, as long as she's young and foxy."

It was the wrong thing to say. "We don't have to serve scum like you!" she hissed.

She left after Wes mumbled something that sounded vaguely like an apology, and once she was out of earshot the Kid began giggling in the half-witted manner that made Wes wonder for the hundredth time about his mental state.

"You could have made time with her, Wes."

"Kid," Wes said slowly, "I wouldn't fuck that slimy looking bitch with your cock. Your dog's for that matter." The Kid nodded his head in agreement but kept on his inane giggling.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

abusing the kid's mother with a dog, a two by four, and a bunch of maggots. Feeling happy with himself, over his quick comeback, he again strode towards the phone booth.

Wharp approaching the phone booth, resembled a grizzly bear doing a fifty yard dash, which seemed to startle the repairman. In all truth the repairman was scared shitless. He had been watching the bear destroy the pile of iron and steel, and assumed that it was still hungry and liked repairman burgers, so he split.

"Must have it fixed", Wharp mumbled.

Seeing the dismantled phone, Wharp exploded. He could hold his temper as well as the next guy, but enough is enough. After tearing the phone loose, stomping it into little pieces, tearing his new gloves in the process of punching out the windows, and slinging a forgotten wrench into some geek's food, Wharp was calmed down. After five minutes, the alligator shirted geek, who Wharp stuffed face first into a trashcan, either decided he was happy where he was and stopped fussing, or passed out from the smell of three week old Jiffy burgers. Hell, a fresh Jiffy burger was enough to make you puke, Wharp decided after he ate six of them.

Wharp burped long and steady for a good minute, to the joy of the young, pert titted waitress. Wharp knew she was in lust, but the color green she was. As she reached for the five dollar bill, Wharp proved his theory about the Jiffy burgers by puking on the fiver, her arm and dress. Several purple chunks landed in her hair. Matched her purple top, Wharp thought.

"Knew I shouldn't have had that last Coke. Keep the change."

"Ahh, it's on the house. I gotta get out of these clothes!" She ran towards the kitchen, unbuttoning her top as she went.

"Alright!", Wharp just knew he was gonna get laid.

He shook the clumps off the fiver, folded it and put it in his wallet. Gotta keep your money neat. Wharp couldn't stand unfolded money.

Three hours later, as darkness neared, Wharp still waited by the door of the Jiffy burger stand, for his date. The bouquet of flowers, which he pulled from in front of the stand, were all down to the stems, but one. A man's gotta eat, ya know. Peering into the darkened

interior of the Jiffy burger stand, Wharp just couldn't wait anymore. He was cool about giving a chick time to prepare herself, but three hours was just too much. If she didn't make it on time, that's her loss. Wharp scarfed down the last flower and wandered towards his bike to see if any of the wine had survived.

Having scraped up a quarter of a beer can of wine, by wringing out his dirty socks, plus finding two, three month old fig newtons, Wharp was ready to pig out. He took a sip of wine, a bite of fig newton and spat out a piece of tooth. Then he took another bite of fig newton, spat out a piece of tooth, and took a sip of wine. Hell, it wasn't any worse than some of that shit Angie slid in front of him. Lost a whole tooth, one time, on a plate of scrambled eggs. Damn broad wasn't worth shit unless she had a dick in her somewhere.

A situation Wharp tried to rectify at every opportunity. Wharp didn't hesitate to brag on his ability to satisfy the nymphomania of Angie, even though in the back of his mind, he knew that at least four other bikers were regularly testing her performance. Wharp never caught Angie screwing anyone else, but considering the durability of his rat, it was no big wonder.

Wharp looked around in the darkness, surveying the situation. A dead bike, no phone and no buzz.

"Damn it all. Hell, might as well go to sleep.", Wharp muttered and promptly fell asleep.

Something was waking Wharp up. He couldn't tell if it was the mace that had been sprayed in his eyes, or the three pairs of steel toed boots that were tap dancing on his ribs. There was only one thing Wharp hated more than cops, and that was being woke up. Being woke up by cops was just too much. He managed to get to his feet and open his eyes.

"Is there a problem, officer?"

A nightstick crashed into Wharp's stomach.

"Is there a problem, sir.", Wharp was trying to keep his cool.

"Hippie scum!", a five foot cop, who couldn't weigh a hundred pounds screamed.

He was in a frenzy beating Wharp in the chest, with his nightstick. There was a crunch in Wharp's pocket and he cringed. Wharp reached out with his massive arm, and picked up the pint size cop by the neck.

"Muthafucker ... you ... just ... broke

... my ... fuckin ... sunglasses! You know how long I had those glasses?", Wharp screamed as he shook the screaming, kicking cop by the neck.

"Put him down!", one of the other cops ordered. The one thing you don't do is order Wharp to do anything.

Wharp swung around, knocking down the other two cops with the mini cop. A couple of swift kicks and they laid still.

"Now for you ... you ... well I'll be damned!"

Wharp was in love. Setting next to the police cruiser, was a new Harley Davidson patrol bike. Even in the darkness, only broken up by the patrol cars headlights, the chrome seemed to sparkle. It called to Wharp, like a long lost lover. Wharp gathered up the cops and put them into the dumpster. A good place for them, he thought. His padlock guaranteed that they wouldn't get out even if they did wake up.

Wharp moved the patrol car, the patrol bike and his rat around to the back of the Jiffy burger stand. Three hours later, Wharp stood back and gazed with lust at his creation. The windshield, radios, ant., sirens and other useless shit had been removed. Wharp's sissy bar and apehangers were now in place of the originals and a can of pink spray paint repainted the bike. Wharp was really proud of his work, considering that a screwdriver, pliers and a pair of vice grips were all the tools he had, he was surprised he got done as quick as he did, with only four busted knuckles and three tore off fingernails.

By daylight, an hour or so later, Wharp finally realized that there was no kickstarter, and started pushing the bike. Only wimps used electric starters. After pushing the huge bike around the lot for the third time, he realized that the key had to be turned on before the bike would start. Wharp reved up the bike and roared out of the lot.

The morning air was chilly, but Wharp was glad to be back on the road. Wharp cranked the bike up to eighty and laughed out loud.

"Wait till that bitch sees this boss!"

He was really beginning to feel good about the coming day. Maybe it wasn't going to be as bad as yesterday. Today is gonna be a good day, Wharp thought, ten seconds before he hit the hit the skunk, lost control in the gravel, missed the turn and plunged into the ice cold lake.

On the other hand, maybe the day wasn't gonna be so good after all. □



SOME LIKE IT HOT

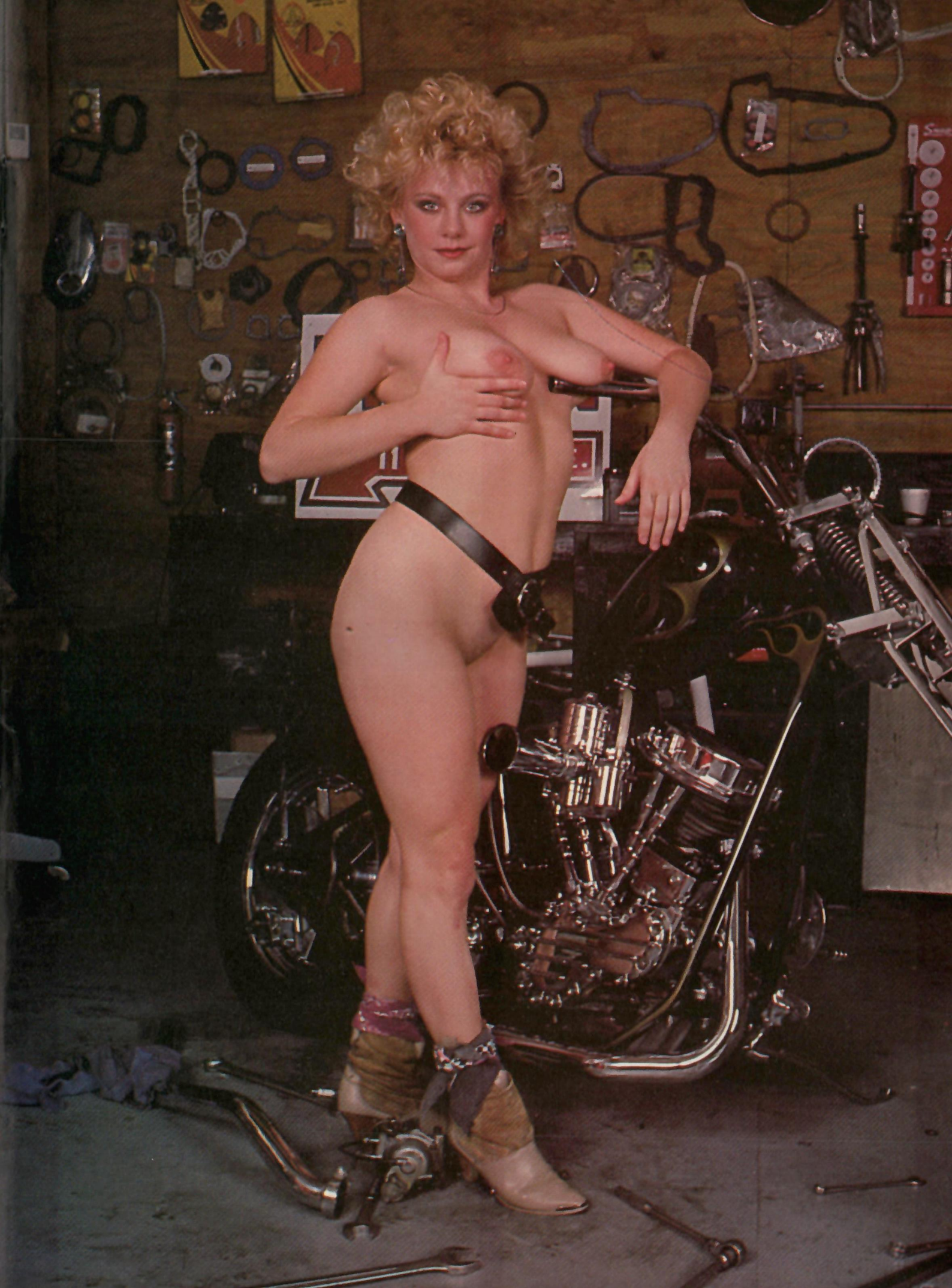
Julia Haven Steam Cleans Urchin Cycles

I don't know about these other perverts that hang out around this dump, but to me, there ain't nothin like a short, stacked sweetie. I guess it's the idea of so much bein crammed into such a small package — tits and ass and thighs everywhere with no wasted space. Other guys may go for the long, tall willowy model types but give a gal

Photos By Matt Bradley

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84









ARCHIN

LINCOLN AVE.

914-632-1365



URCHIN

11 LINCOLN AVE.

914-632-1365

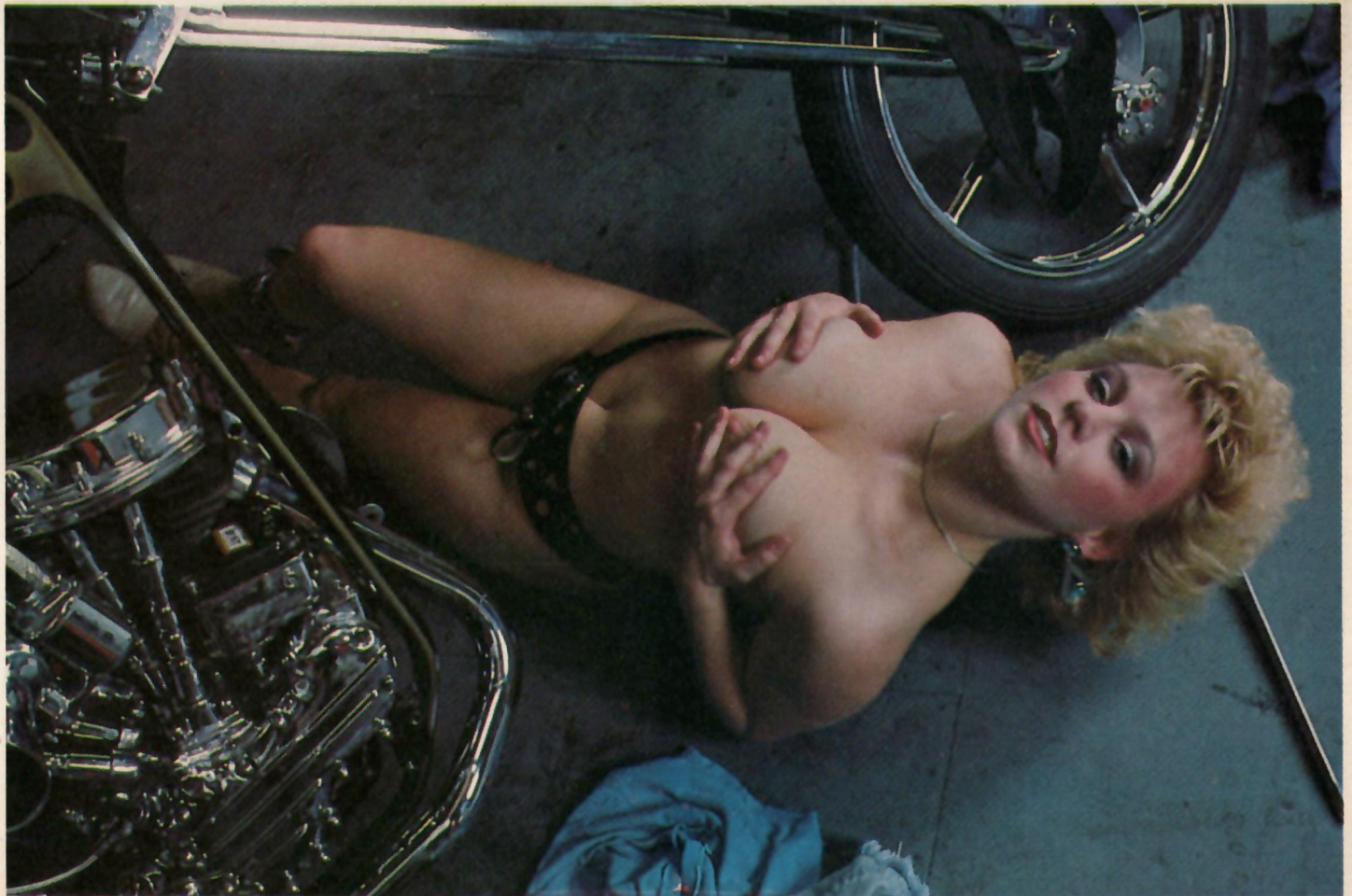


MURCHIN

11 LINCOLN AV

914-632-1365











Lickum, Copenhagen, NY



Lickum, Copenhagen, NY



Lickum, Copenhagen, NY



Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼x2¼), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo and \$36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 1316 New York, N.Y. 10116.



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



Chuck Decker, Orlando FL



Laconia '86 — Iron Mike, New Bedford, MA



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



Billy Shields, Corpus Christi, TX



Lick-um, Copenhagen, NY



The Breeze, Charleston, S.C.



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



The Breeze, Virginia Beach, VA



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



Chuck Decker, Orlando, FL



John Moyer, Batlo, MD



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



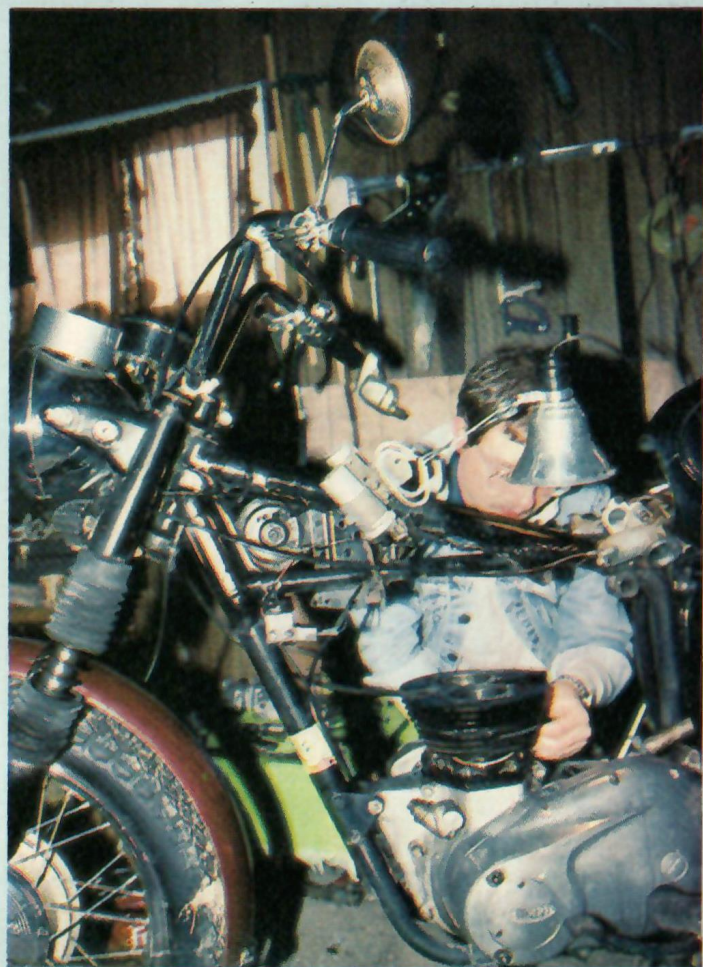
Chuck Decker, Orlando, FL



J.M. Ritchie, Circleville, OH



J.M. Ritchie, Circleville, OH



J.M. Ritchie, Circleville, OH



The Breeze, Ladson, S.C.



Banshee Jo, Altoona, PA



Lickum, Copenhagen, NY



Greg Justice, Ash, KY



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



C.J. Coftone, Mt. Morris, NY



Bob Rich, Carteret, NJ



Banshee Jo, Altoona, PA



Phil "Professor" Smith, Vienna, W.Va.



Panhead Lee, St. Pete, FL



The Breeze, Charlston, SC



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA

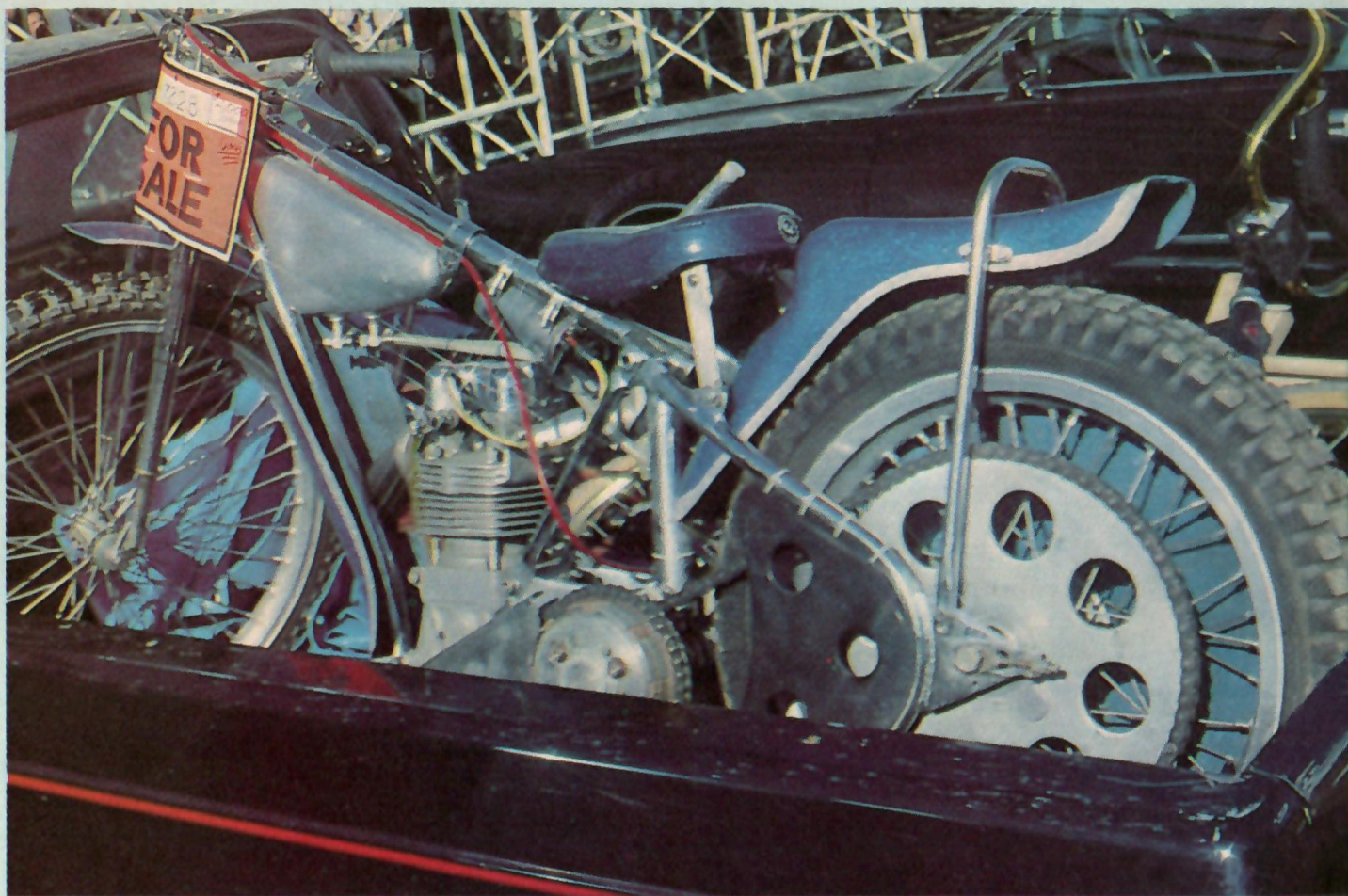


Lick-um, Copenhagen, NY



Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL





W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



Chuck Decker, Orlando, FL



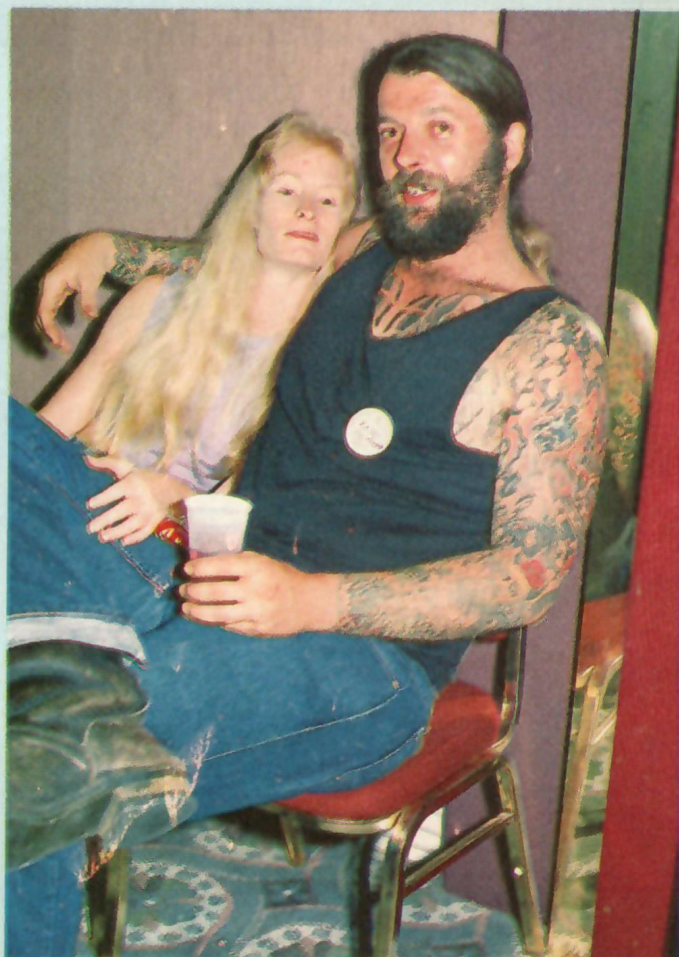
Chuck Decker, Orlando, FL



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL



Steve Bonge, Massapequa, NY



Munch-a-boob



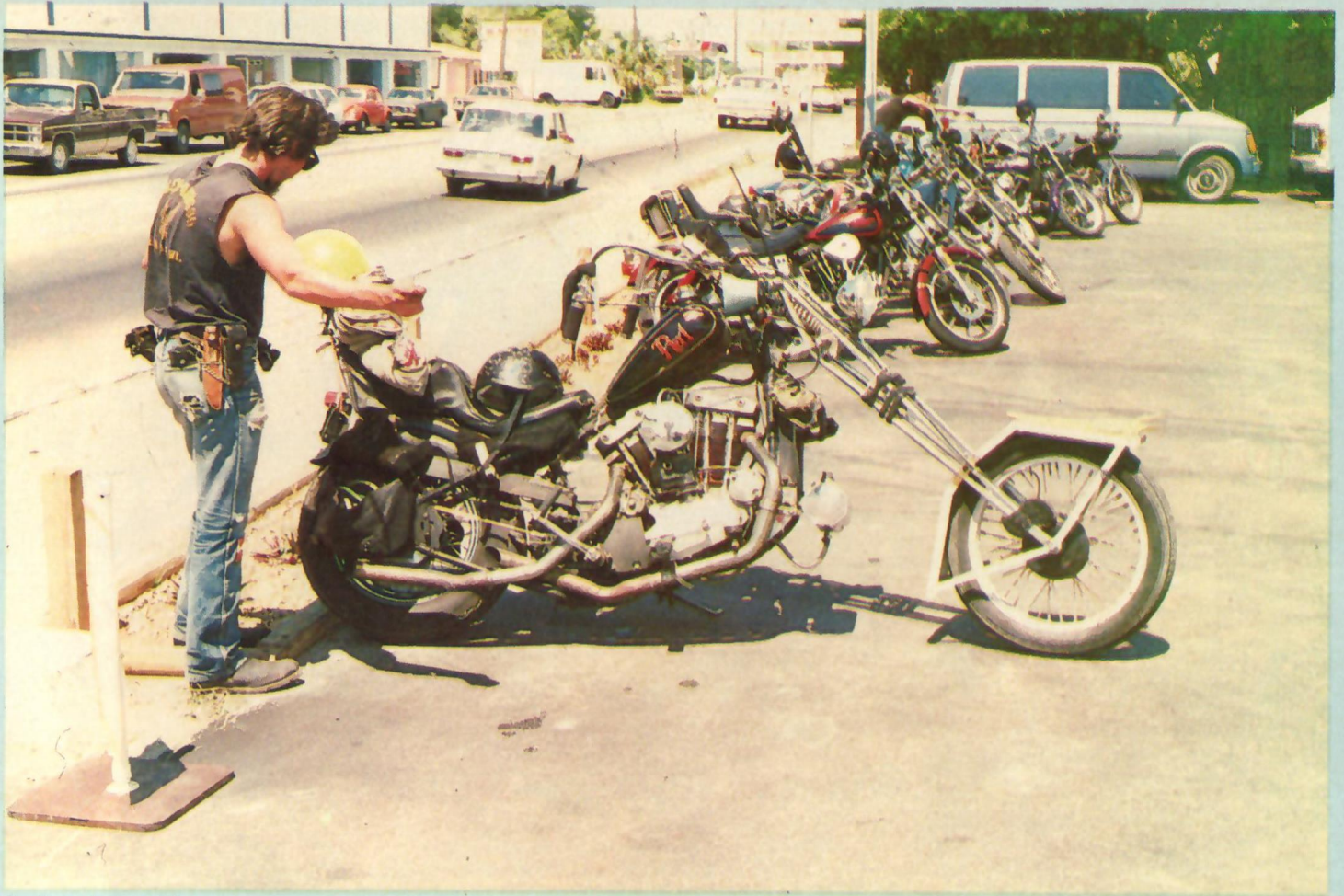
Toof's Tat



Hangin' Out, Flipside

Chopper John's Swap Meet —

Photos by Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL



Custom pipes, a '50



Parts Bin

Fang & Friend



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



W. Billy's Studio, Rose, CA



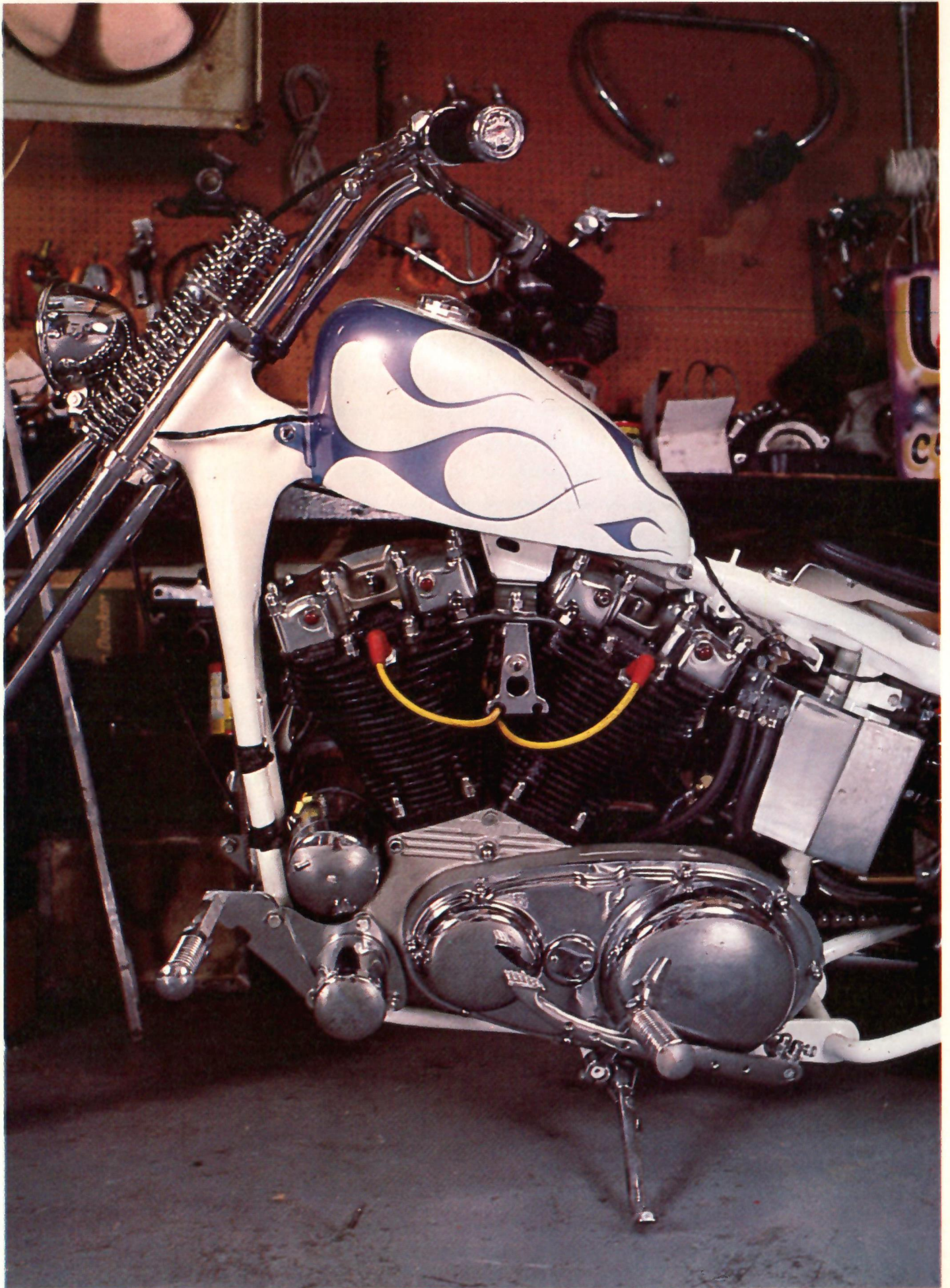
Steve Bonge, Massapequa, NY



Steve Bonge, Massapequa, NY



Billy Sheld





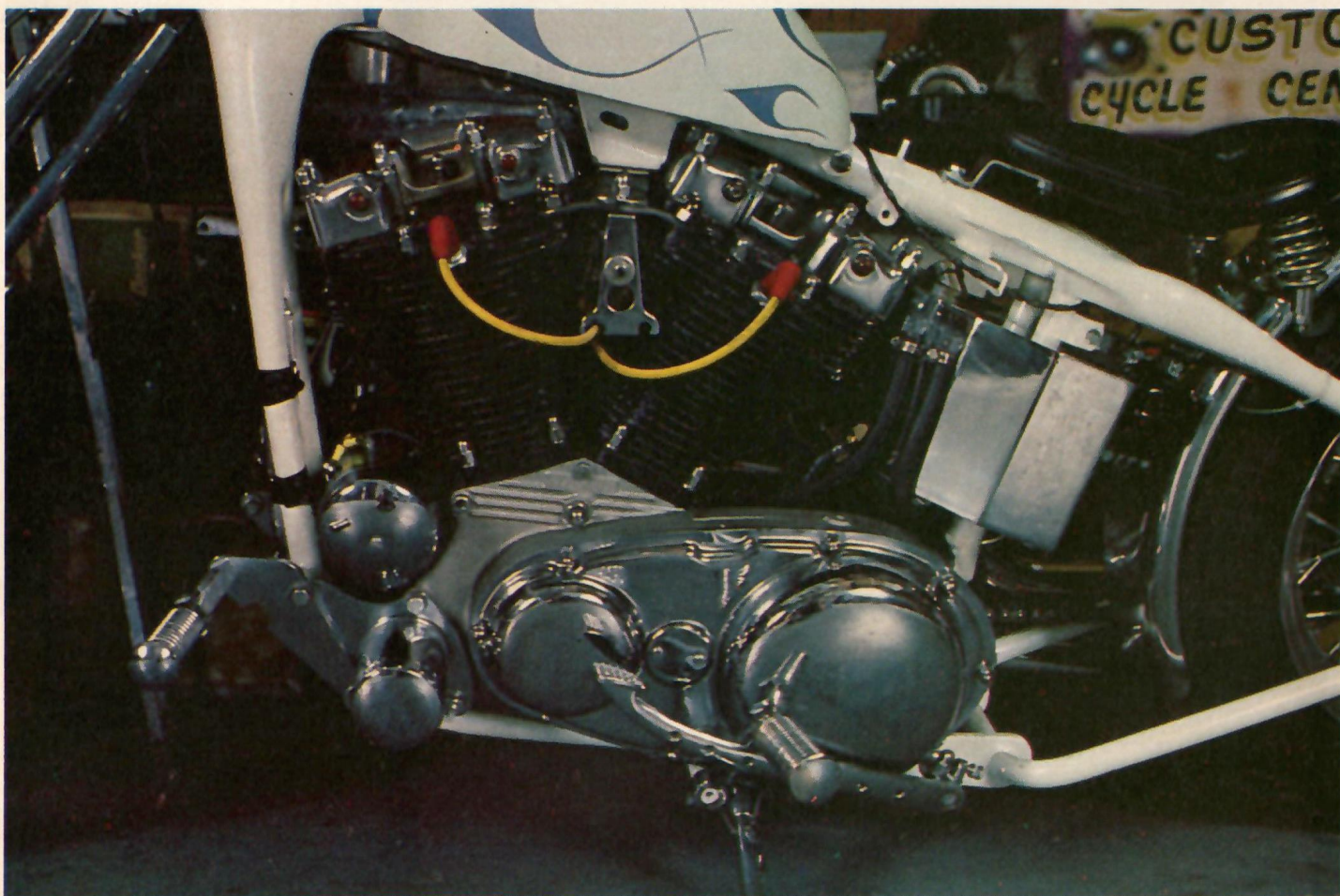
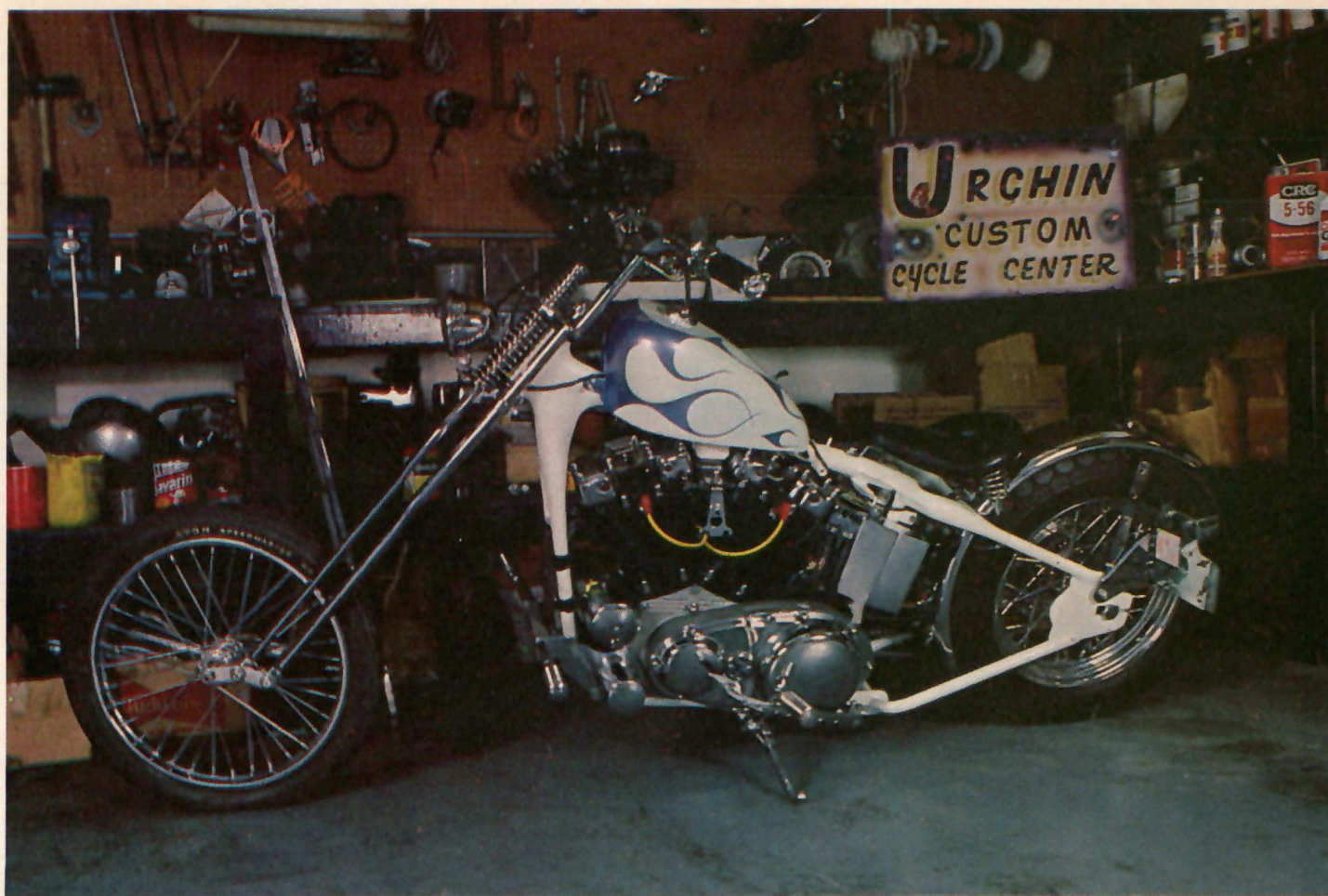
THE BIKIN BLUES

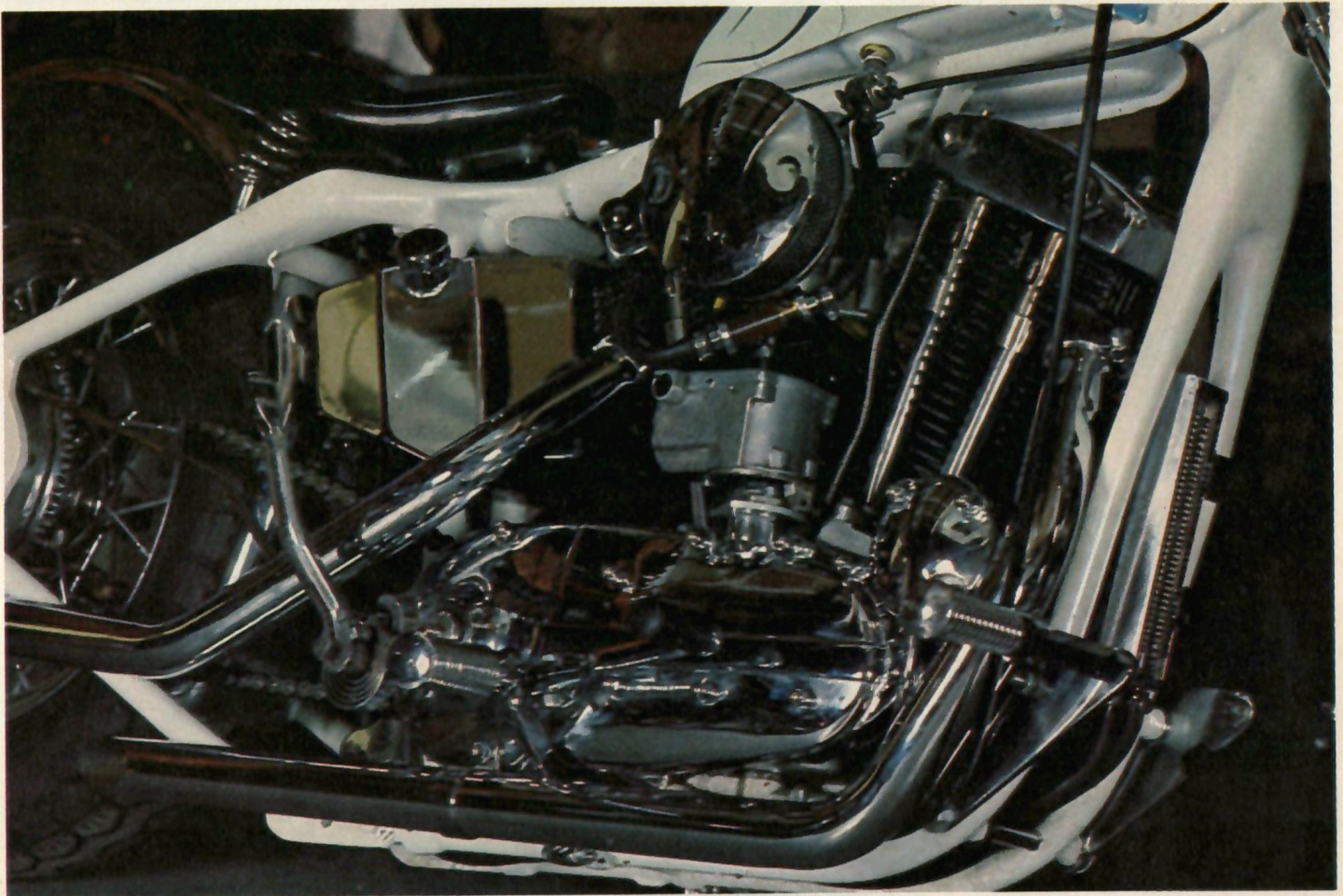
All Dressed Up But No Cash To Go

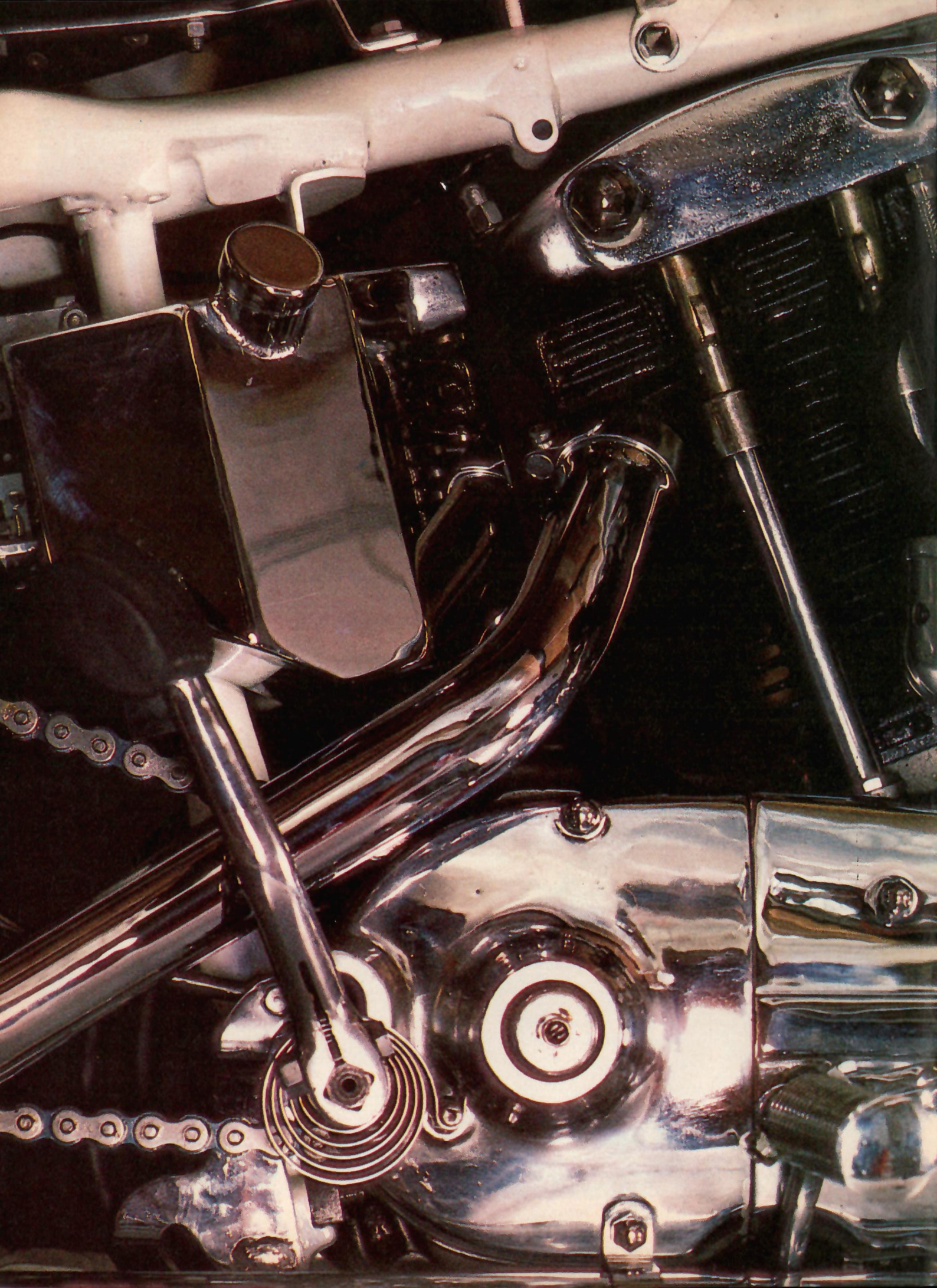
Story by Grub Photos By Matt Bradley

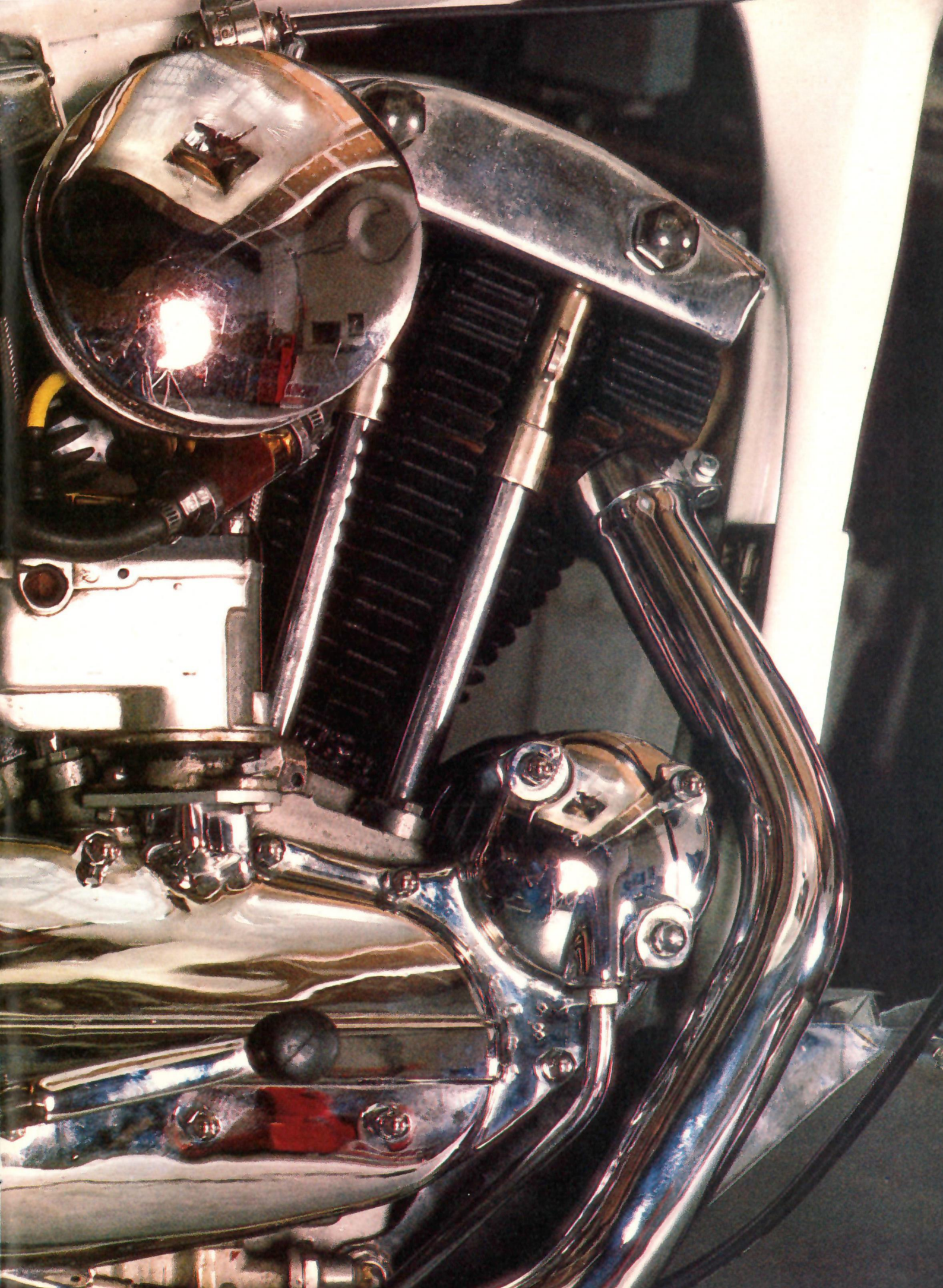
This Sportster is the other half of our we-call-it-work sojourn up to Richie's. The '68 XLCH was brought to Richie as a basket case after the owner had blown the engine. Richie recognized the remains of the bike as one he'd worked on under two other previous owners and was troubled to see the classic scooter in such a sorry state. But the new owner wanted to make things right and he knew Richie was his man and he took the opportunity provided by the enforced downtime to get the Sporty exactly where he wanted it. He wanted to keep it as Harley as possible but also wanted a hardtail for the

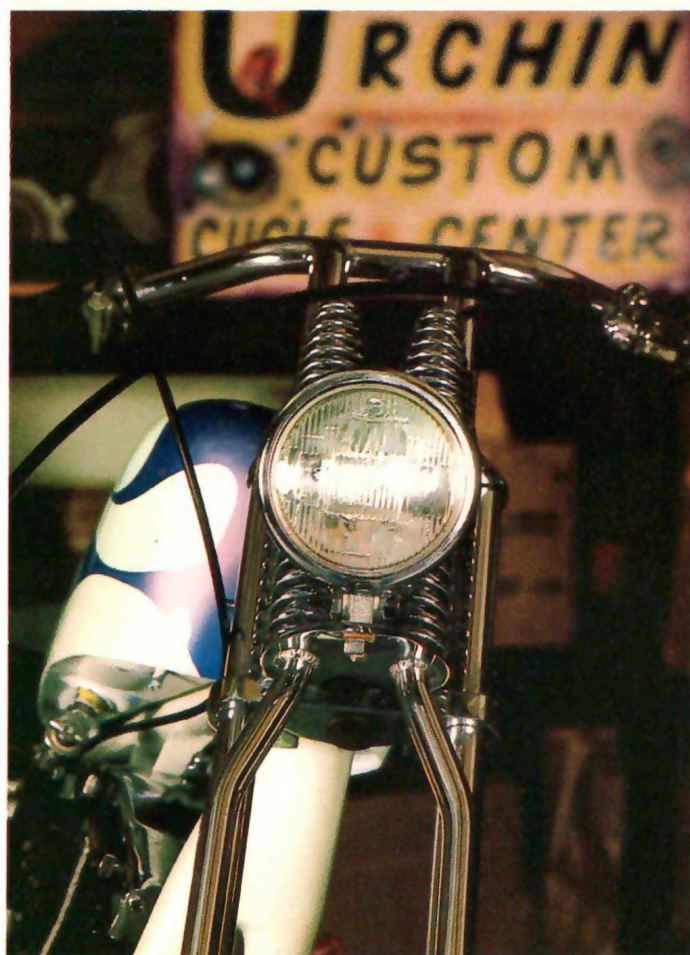
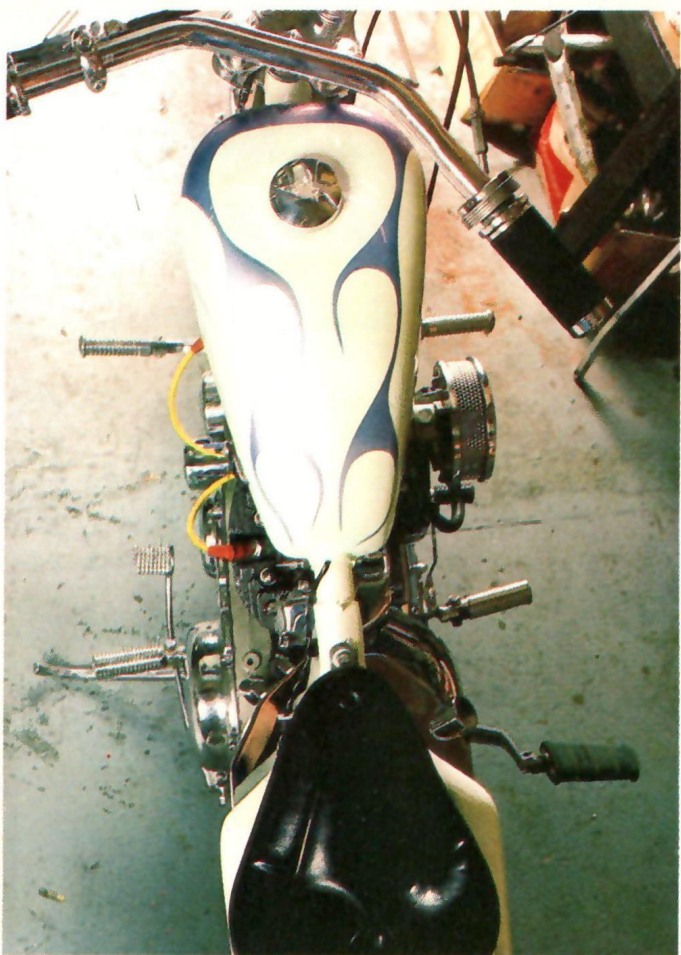
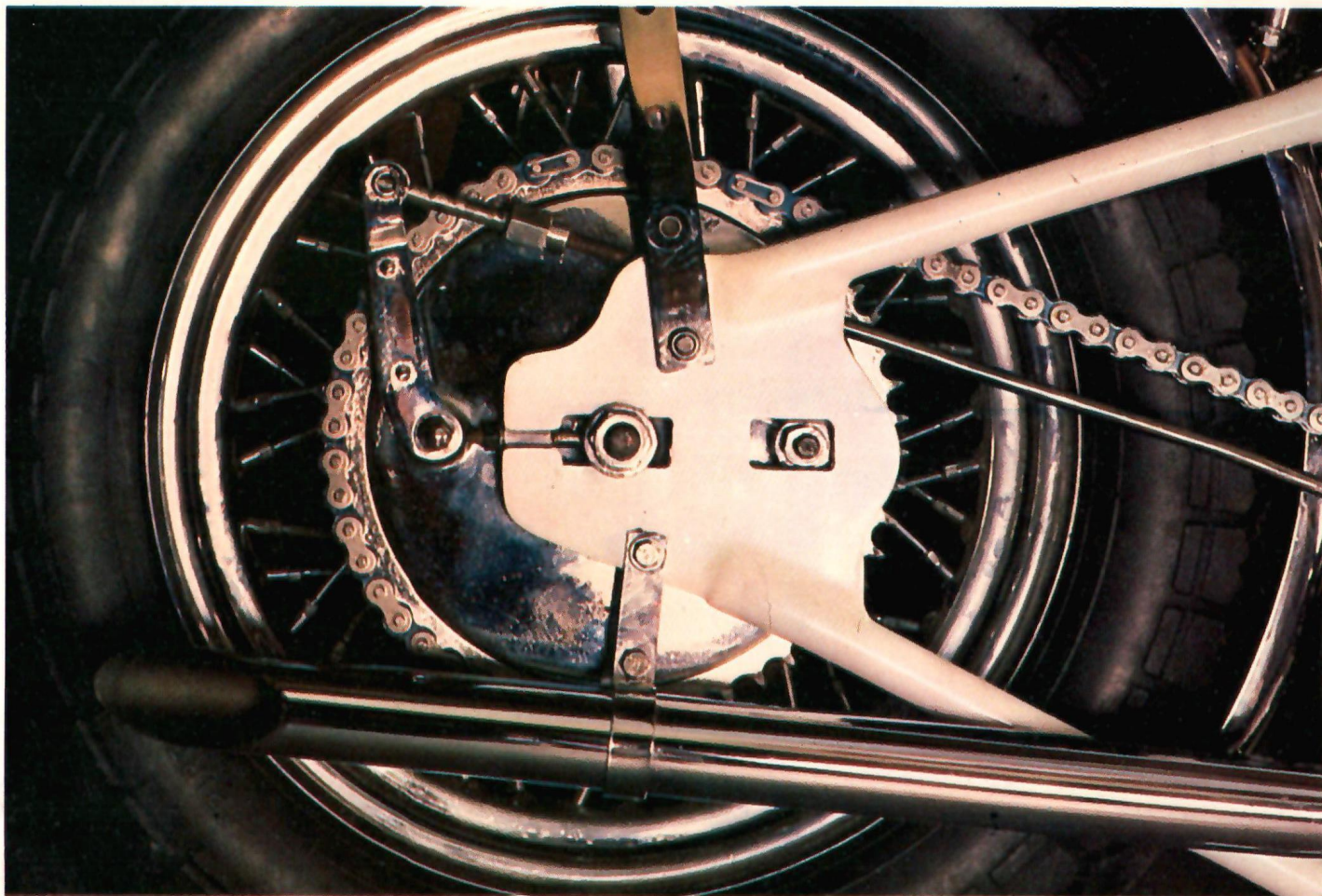
CH so Richie came up with the weld-on rigid job ya see here. The frame is as smooth as glass and the pearl white paint job reveals no imperfections in the new/old frame. The engine was redone with reliability and easy starting in mind but it breathes easy so ya know it can run. But it seems like that's the problem—this baby's strainin' at the leash but the owner's money woes are givin' him a case of bikin blueballs. We've all been there, havin' to put off our heart's desire — but remember, the harder the wait, the sweeter the ride.

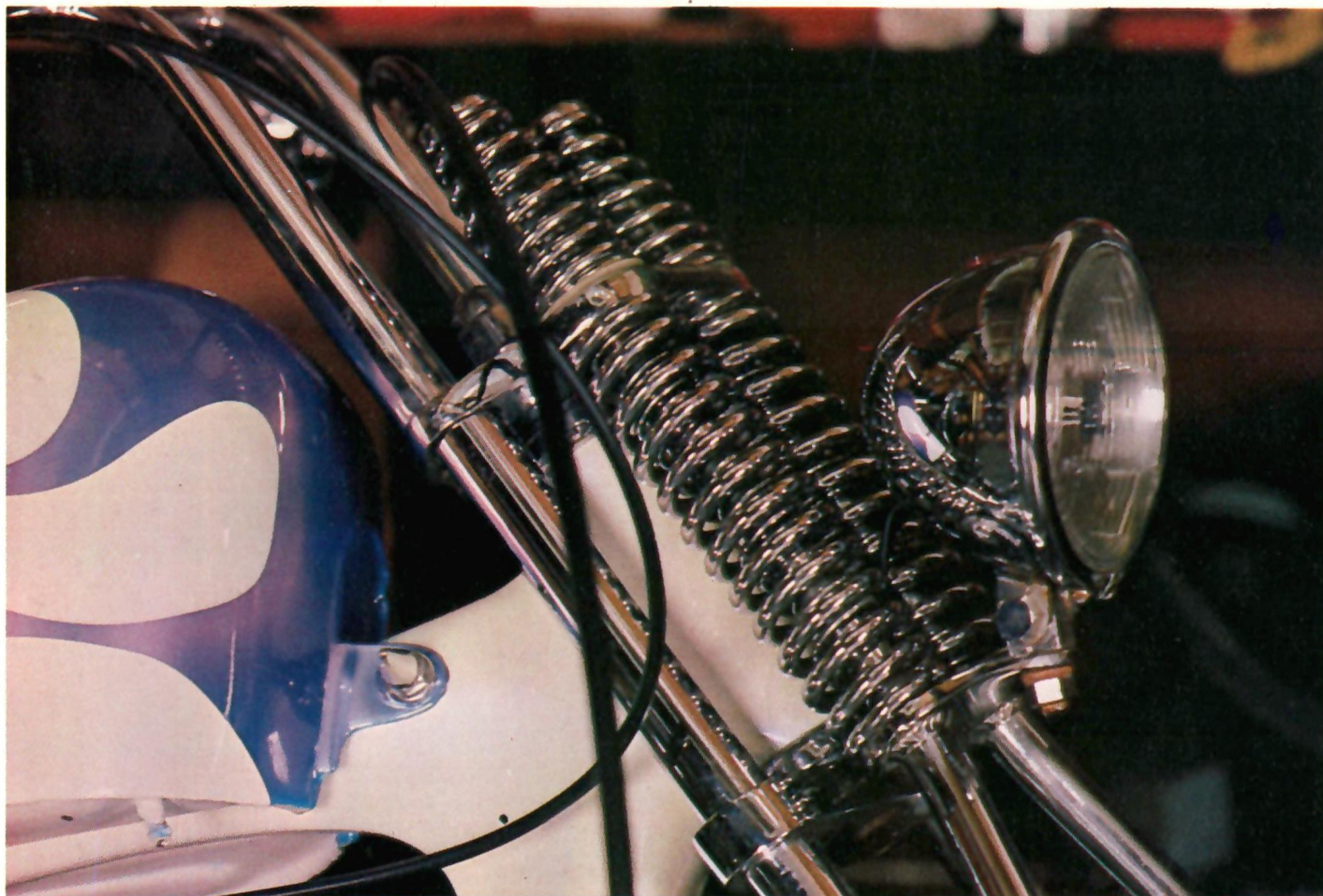












TECH SHEET

OWNER: Joe?
CITY: New Rochelle, NY

GENERAL
FABRICATION BY: Urchin Cycles
YEAR AND MAKE: 1968 H-D
MODEL: XLCH
VALUE: ?
ASSEMBLY BY: Urchin
CHROMING: Brown's

ENGINE
YEAR: '68
MODEL: Sportster
REBUILDER: Urchin
IGNITION: Joe Hunt Mag
DISPLACEMENT: 883 cc
LOWER END: Lightened
BALANCING: Urchin
PISTONS: Stock
CASES: Stock
HEADS: Ported & Polished
CAMS: Stock
LIFTERS: Solids
CARBS: Bendix
AIR CLEANER: H-D
PIPES: 40" Drags
MUFFLERS: None

FRAME
YEAR: 1968
BUILDER: H-D/Urchin
TYPE: Sporty
RAKE: Stock
STRETCH: Stock
OTHER ALTERATIONS:
Molding, weld-on hardtail

ACCESSORIES:
BARs: One piece drags
RISERS: 4"

FENDERS: Flat five inch
HEADLIGHT: Bates
TAILLIGHT: Sidemount
SPEEDO: None
FRONT PEGS: Aftermarket
REAR PEGS: Aftermarket
ELECTRICS: Mag
GAS TANK: Sporty
OIL TANK: Santee
OIL SYSTEM: Lockhart cooler
PRIMARY COVER: H-D
SEAT: Solo

TRANNNY
MODIFICATIONS: None
YEAR: 1968
SHIFTING: Right side

PAINTING
MOLDING: Urchin
PAINTER: Satch
COLOR: Pearl white, blue flames
TYPE: Lacquer
SPECIAL PAINT: None

FORKS
TYPE: Arlen Ness Springer
EXTENSION: 6" over
BUILDER: Ness
SPECIAL FEATURES: Shiny

WHEELS
FRONT WHEEL: 18"
REAL WHEEL: 16"
FRONT HUB: Custom spool
REAR HUB: H-D
FRONT TIRE: Avon
REAR TIRE: Avon
FRONT BRAKE: None
Rear Brake: Drum

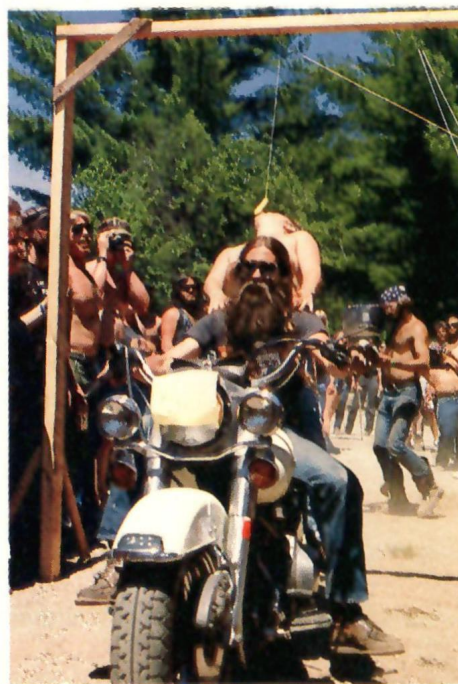


BIKER'S

July — Contrary to popular belief, it does not snow in Canada year round.

We got a super invite to head North to see how the bros in Canada party. Edjo, owner of the Motorcycle Factory in Toronto and promoter of the event, put on one helluva show.

I got ahold of Chopper Don and convinced him to make a long weekend out of this trek. His old lady, Hollister, started bitchin' and moanin' as she usually does so I smiled and told her that she had nothing to fear. As she turned to look at me I kept smilin' and told her that the old ladies in Canada shave their snatch so not to worry about any diseases. Chop did not have





RENDEVOUS . . . CANADA

to ask as she then invited him to leave. And we were off ...

A meeting point this side of the border was Pete Smith's Motorcycle Supermarket, located just outside Niagara Falls in Lockport, N.Y. Jim Longo and his sidekick, Panama Jack, from Karata Belt brought their top fueler to do exhibition runs. We brought one outrageous sled to be exhibited while Pete brought two outstanding scoots.

Crossing the border with scoots in our trucks was a hassle. If you cross riding them, there is no problem. We had to have them bonded, no shit, bonded in order to get into the country. First we hit immigration and Panama has no I.D. with him. His eyes matched his red hair most of the time anyway. After getting Longo to shut the fuck up, we skated through immigration. Next was customs, but we had to get our bonding papers. Edjo made arrangements through a brokerage firm to have us all under one contract for coverage. We had a couple hour wait as they did not have their shit together. As we sat there I could hear Chop growling under his breath. He tends to do this whenever there is a dynamite looking chick around. Chop glanced in my direction and told me I was right about them Canadian broads shaving their snatches. Guess his x-ray vision was intact. Just then two young lovelies came around the corner and handed us our paperwork. Chop grinned ear to ear. I just shook my head.

We crossed the border as the mid afternoon sun was starting to get really hot making us thirst for some of that cold Canadian beer. Our destination was St. Thomas Dragway located in St. Thomas, Ontario. We found a beer store, known there as a wholesaler. But the name is not what it implies. Our money was worth 35% more, but the cheapest beer went for \$20.00 a case. Lucky there was no deposit. As we arrived the humidity was high and so were we.

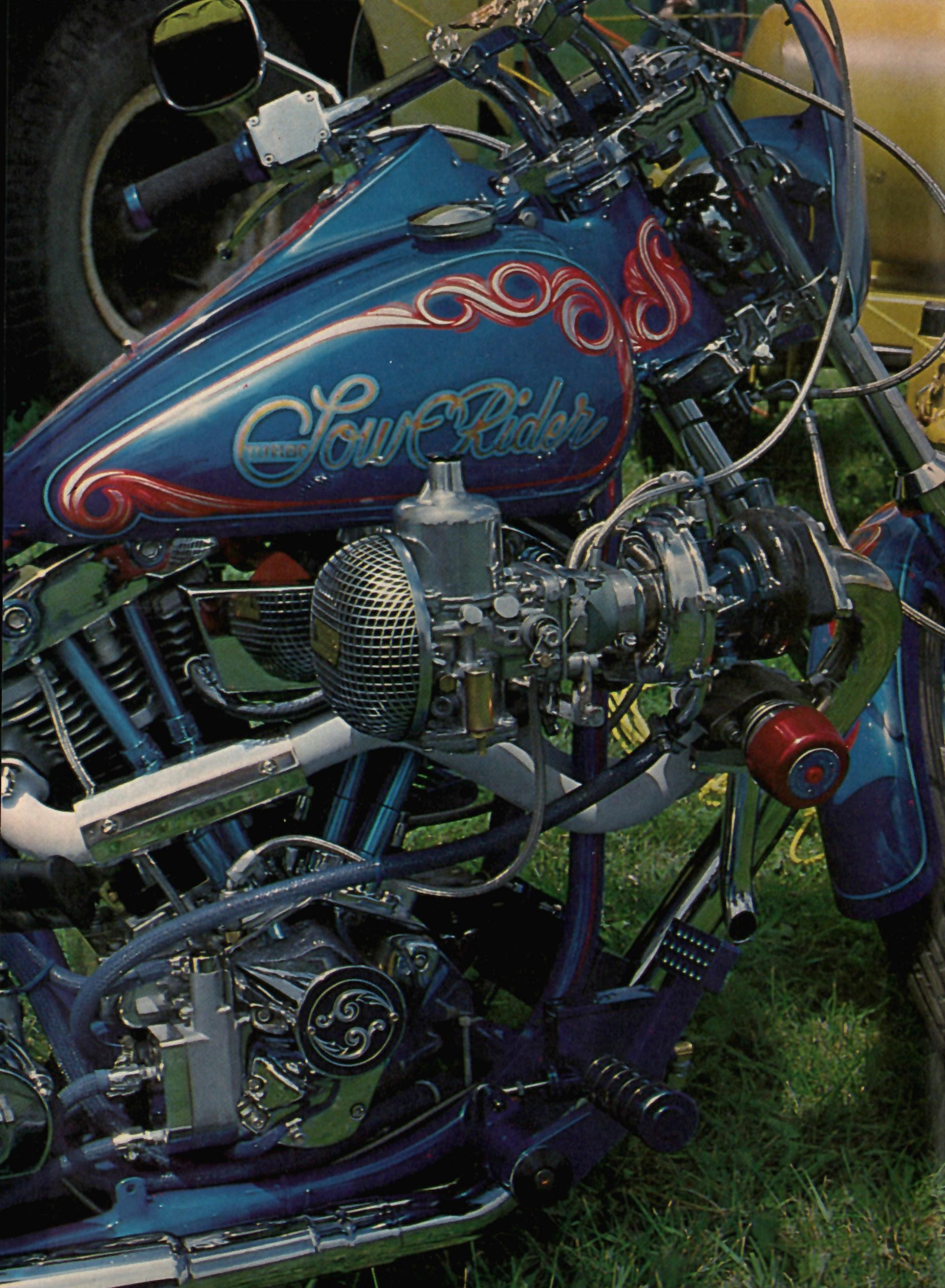
The weekend was already in full swing. We met up with Ron Finch from Michigan. Ron is known all over for his outasight fabrication of scoots. Many other American bros were in attendance as St. Thomas is only a couple hour ride from Detroit.

The Drags were going on all day long Saturday with time trials. Sunday was the day of the finals. When Longo fired up his fueler, just about everybody sit their pants as the mother is LOUD. Old Panama just stood there as if nothing was happening. Fuckers was stoned again. See, they're real tight when you cross the border. You cannot bring beer across. Knowing all the hassles we could go through, we kept it clean. Thank God for Panama. He not only had no I.D. but he brought along a stash.

Edjo had a Tattoo Convention going on there at the same time, ingenious as he is. We met up with this guy who called himself Snake. I could tell that by his belt buckle. Snake was covered with tats. Told me he was going for



Photos and Story By Von Scoot





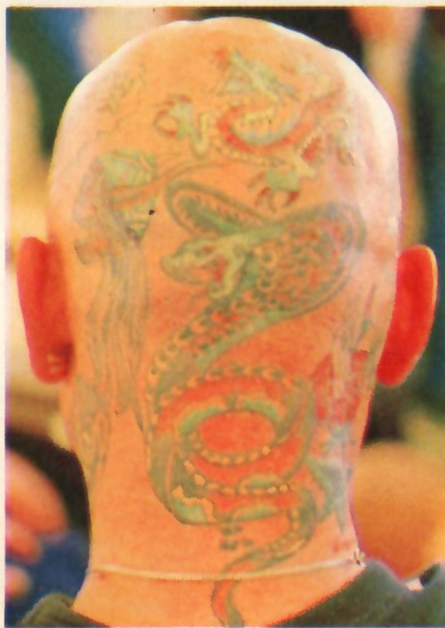
the world record for most tats on one body. You can't miss him in the pictures. Al Newcome of Tattoos Unltd. out of London Ontario was his primo artist.

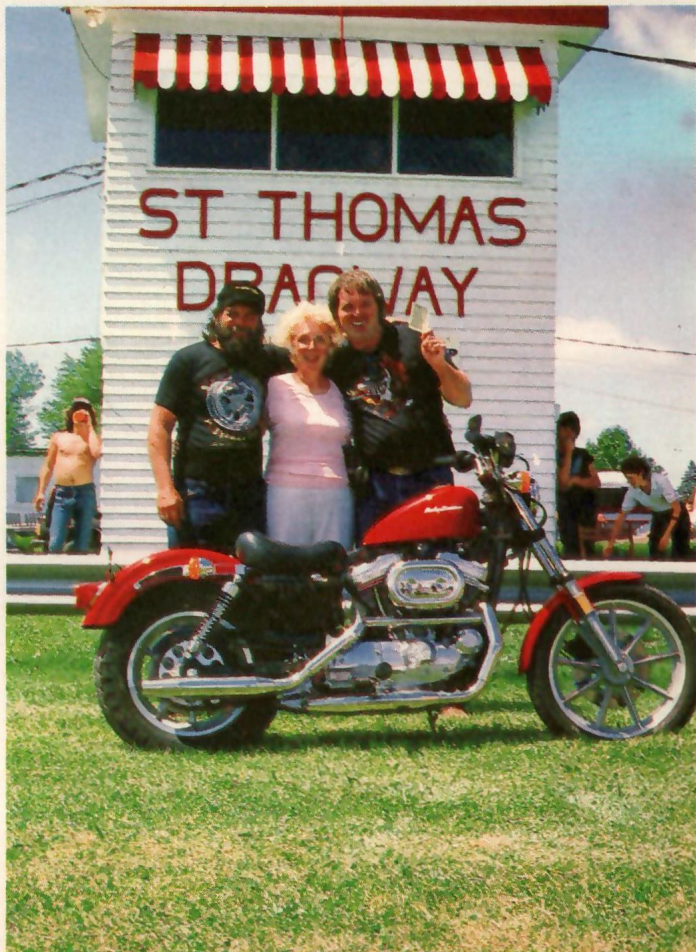
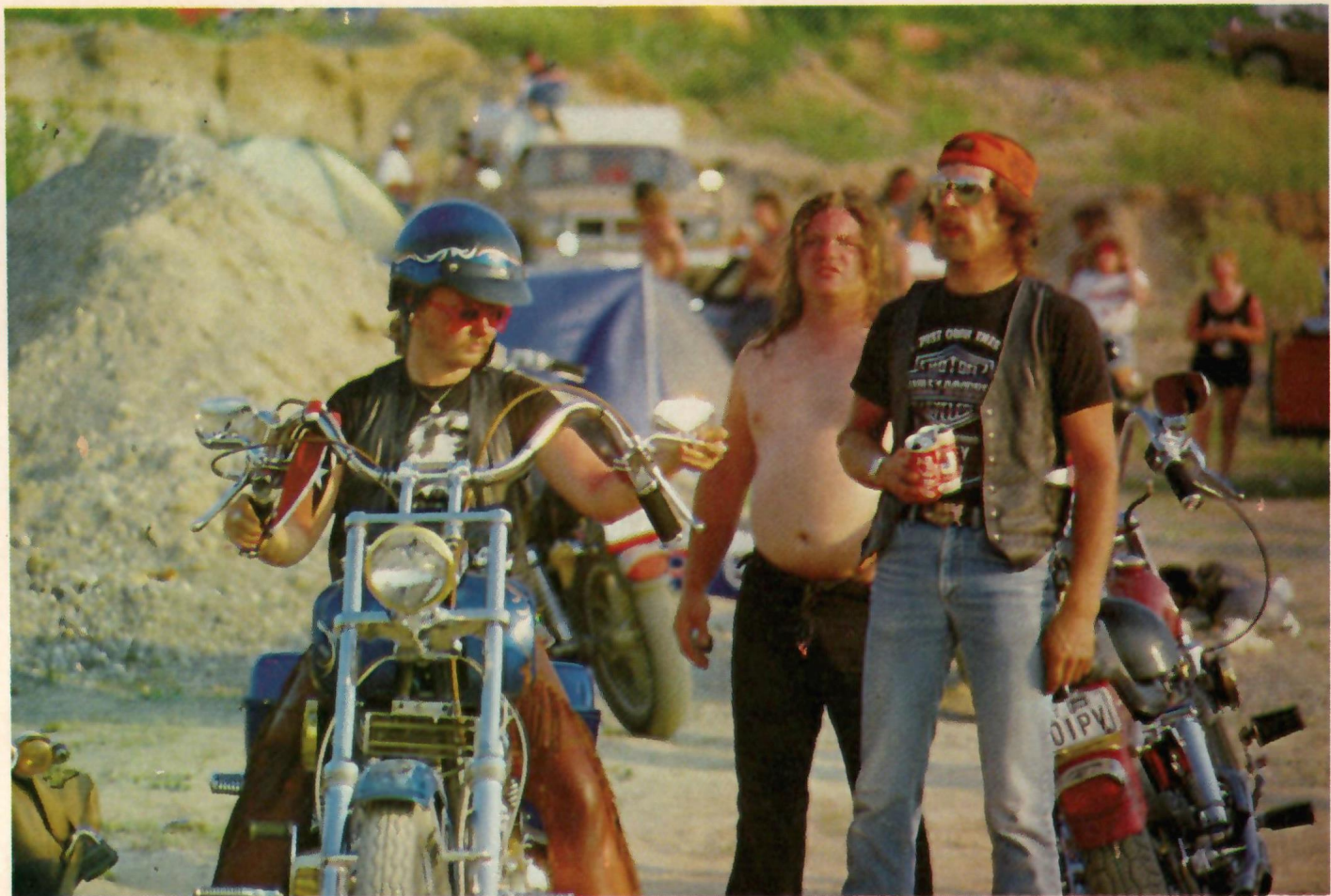
Along with the Tatt Show Edjo had his Artistry in Iron Show on display. Edjo had a great idea for a Custom Bike Show that keeps all contestants happy. As you rode your scoot in, you would be asked to exhibit it, if it was quality. Everyone was "invited only" to participate and everyone received the same plaque. A nice idea that only gets the Prima Donnas upset, but screw them anyway.

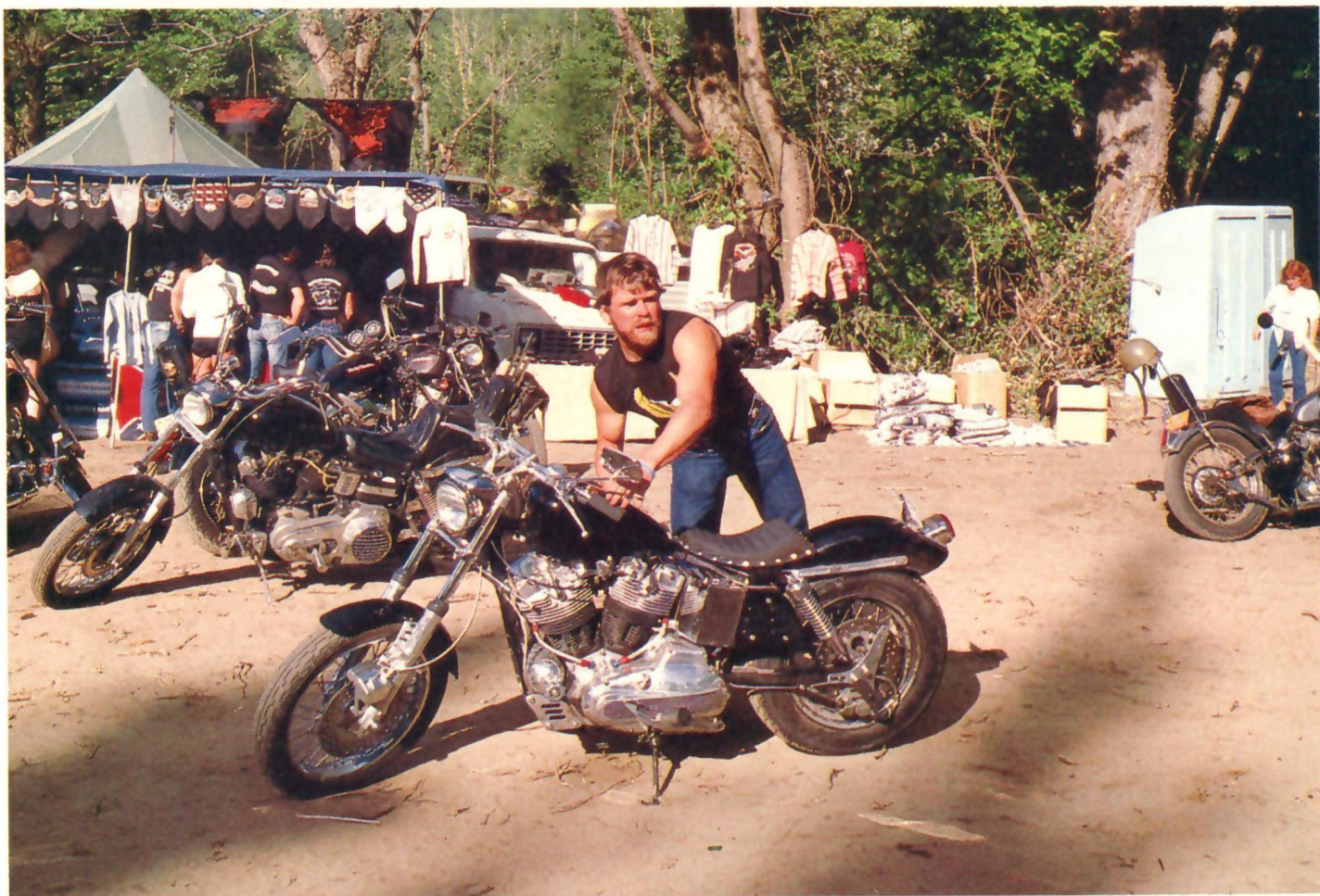
At the end of the day it was party time at the quarry. With it being so hot and humid, many of us headed for the pond. A few of the crazies were even trying to log roll. Two bands, one doing some good old rock n' roll and the other doing some super fine blues, wailed into the night. During one of their breaks they held a tattoo contest for both old men and old ladies. First prize was \$500.00. That's a few cases a beer, even there in Canada.

As we headed back on Sunday late afternoon, the Chop and I talked about how friendly all the bros were. Chop went on to tell me how he was surrounded by foxy Canadian pussies who wanted to know just who these American guys were. Chop then began to growl. I could not get another word out of him.

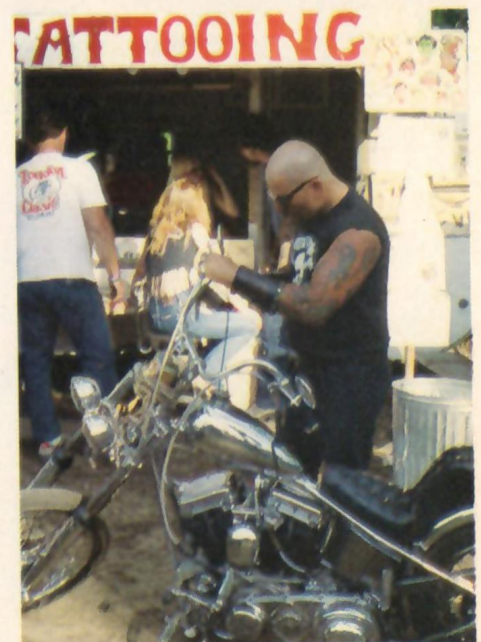
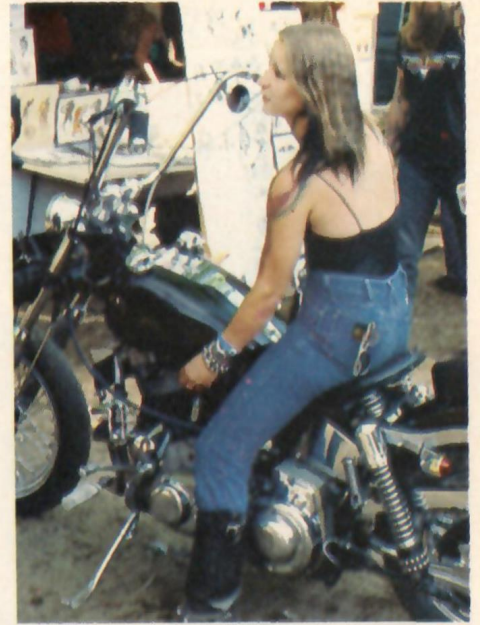
A hearty thanks to Edjo for making our stay so great. We hope next year's Rendezvous in Canada is as exciting. And if the beer and the broads don't excite you, he gives away a new 883 Sportster. See ya next year ... No Showshoes Required. □

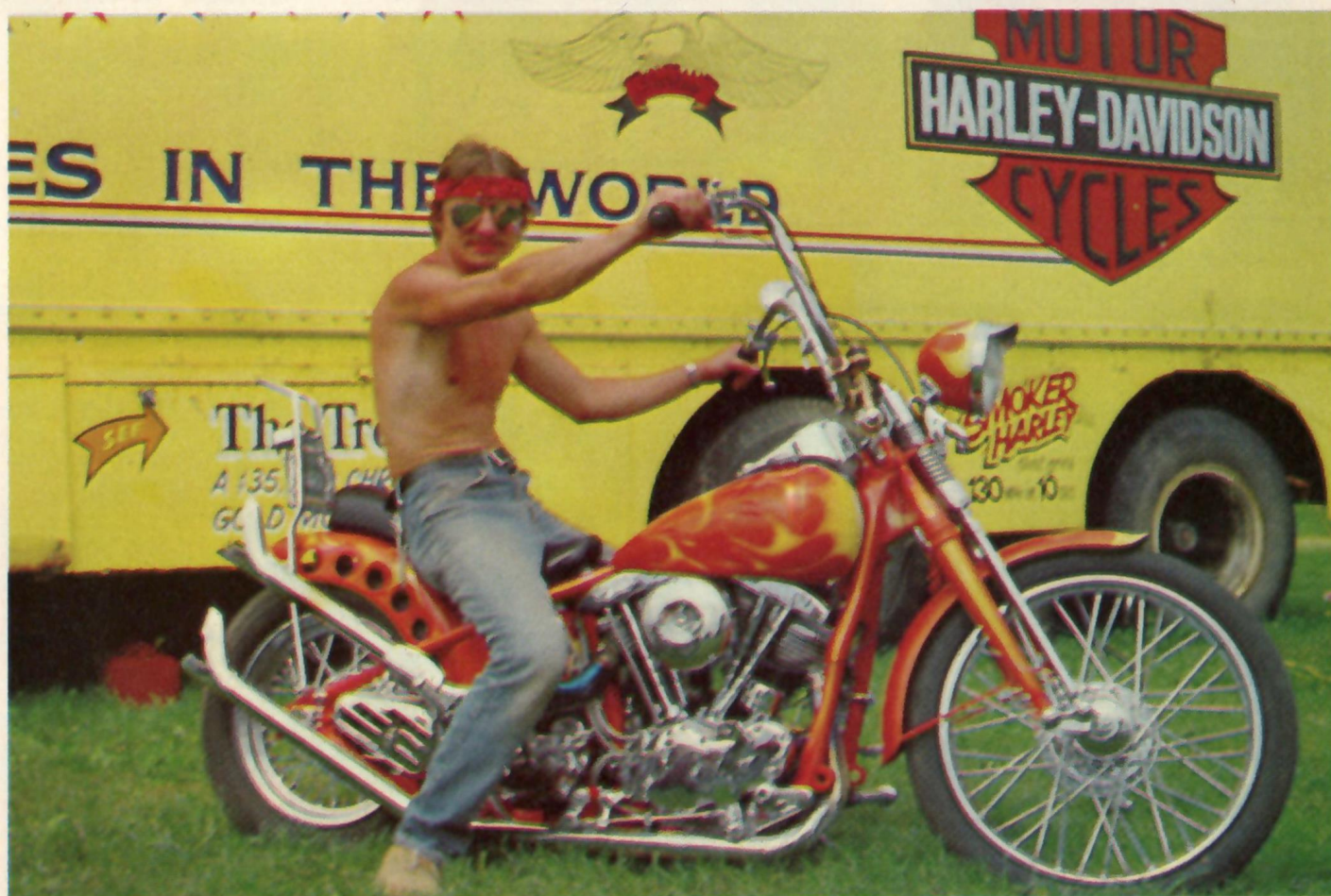
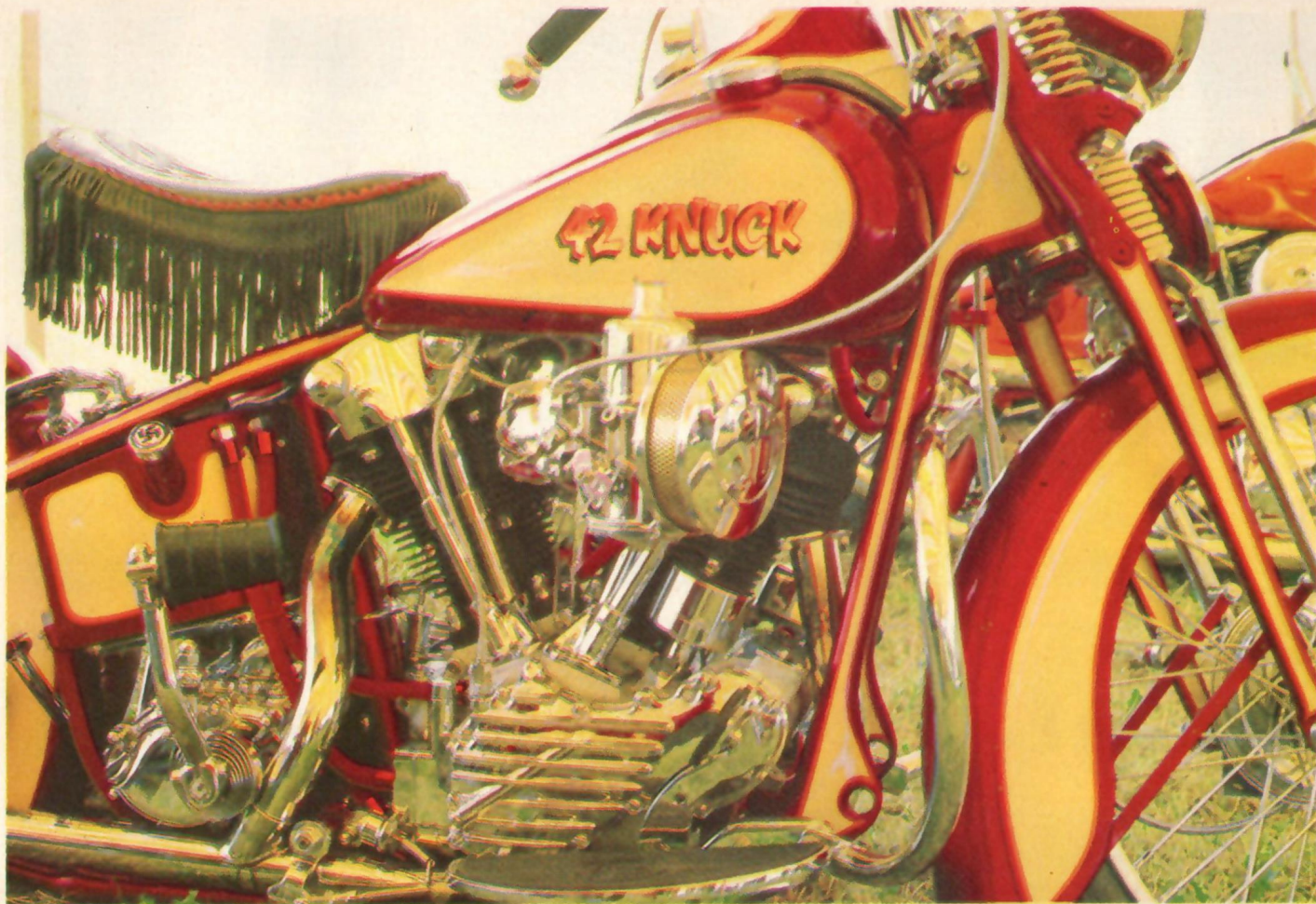














SOME LIKE IT HOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

like Julia Haven any day, man.

Julia was kind enough to accompany the gang up to Richie's and give us all a taste of her dancin prowess til their wasn't a limp dick in the shop. Course I'm speakin for all the single dudes there, the married guys like Richie and the couple of shop hands were dutifully unimpressed with Julia's fine tight buns, her firm melon sized titties and golden bush; they were too busy wrenchin to worry about any wenchin that might be goin on. (OK, you guys are off the hook).

Like I said, and as you probably guessed, Julia's a dancer, a gig that she feels the most comfortable with after tryin a number of straight jobs includin nursin, college, and cheerleadin for the St. Louis Cardinals. Not satisfied with havin to keep regular hours and the distinct lack of thrills that most citizens are content with, she hit the road dancin her way across the US with a hot routine that involved settin her arms and legs on fire as a

finale, somethin that most employers frown on.

Currently, Julia struts her ample stuff at a club called the Cellar down in Georgia, which also happens to be favorite meetin place of the Iron Cross MC. She really digs the unorthodox lifestyle, and prefers the company of good time bros to the cornball "real word" where everybody tries to make believe the're starrin in a soap opera. Julia wants to give a big hello to all the bros at the Cellar, especially Little Rod, Saucy, Danny, Rocky and Mike. Some guys just like it hot.

Moccasins By The Ancients
Regular, knee-high, fringed, beaded, deerakin, elk, suede leather, sizes 0-13, half sizes to 12. Mail \$2.50 check or money order for color catalogue.
INDIAN COUNTRY OUTFITTERS
Rt. 2, Bbx 173, Waxahachie, TX 75165.

NOR TRIUMPH BSA
M.A.P. CYCLE ENTERPRISES
MFG/DIST-NEW/USED-STOCK/CUSTOM
Worldwide shipping/send \$3 for catalogue.
(813) 381-1151
7165 30th Ave., N., St. Pete. FL 33710

CONCRETE WATERMELON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

They spent most of the afternoon sitting and drinking alone while they waited for the tire to be fixed, and they were the only customers until a tall, slimy looking dude strolled in. He was wearing a white three-piece suit which led the boys to believe he had to be either a TV preacher or a used car salesman. He sat at the bar long enough to drink a beer then got up from his stool and walked over to the boys' table.

"Howdy," The kid said being of a curious and extroverted nature.

"Hi," grunted Wes, being surly and suspicious by nature.

"Hello, boys," the dude said while flashing a big phony smile. "You fellas work around here?"

"Nope, Wes replied. "Just passing through, heading north."

"Looking for some easy bucks along the way?"

"How easy?" Wes asked, his innate laziness overriding his instinctive distrust of the stranger.

"All you'd have to do is herd some concrete watermelons from here to Vegas. They move pretty fast, it wouldn't take you more than a coupla days."

After a few minutes consideration, during which Wes and the Kid wondered if their hearing had been deeply affected by the beer, the boys began laughing hysterically.

"'Fraid we don't have time for it," Wes finally choked out. "Maybe next time."

"Well, just to show you I've got no hard feelings," the dude said sounding pretty fucking pissed anyway, "let me buy you fellas another pitcher."

"Sure, Wes replied, never one to turn down a free beer, even if it was comin from a mental case.

The stranger made his way back to the bar and returned a few minutes later with the beer. "See you guys around," he said as he left the bar, "You have fun on your trip."

The first thing the Kid noticed when he woke up, besides the drum-like throbbing of his head, was that he and Wes were lying outside on the desert sand with the sun just beginning to peek up above the eastern horizon. The second thing was that Wes' snoring sounded worse than usual.

"Wes" he whispered as he shook his

TV STUDIO



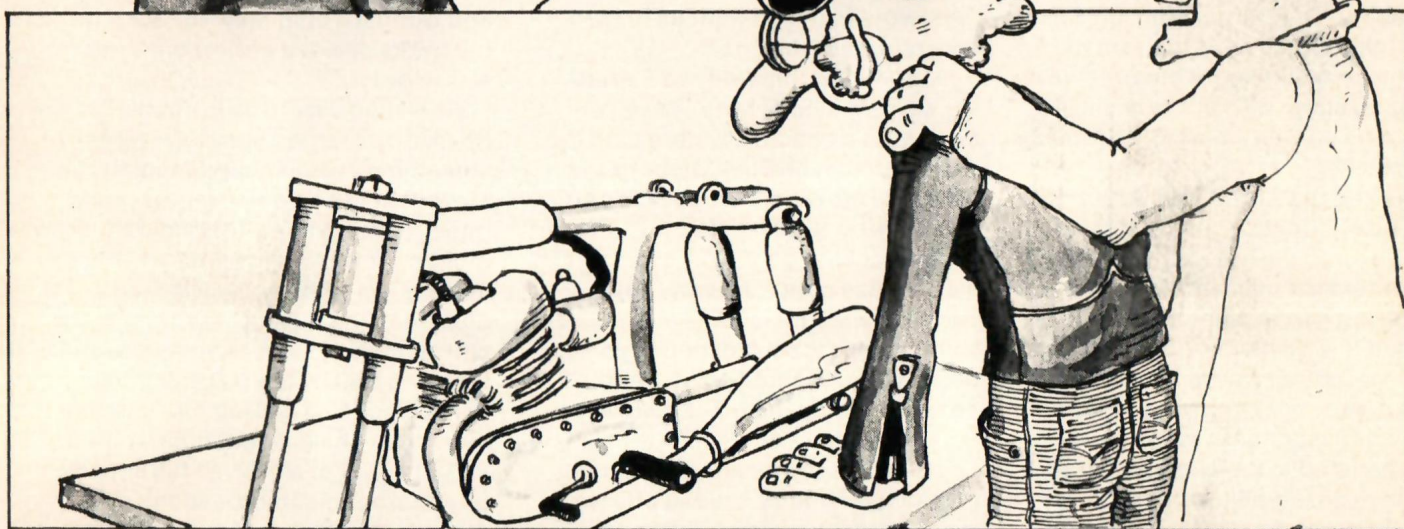
"Okay. Who's here to talk about bikers' rights?"

HARRY GROSS

FLOYD. I
DESPERATELY
NEED A NEW BIKE.

HERE IT IS HARRY.
THE LATEST MODEL.
JUST IN FROM THE
FACTORY.

Jackson



SHIT FLOYD. THERE AINT
NO WHEELS, GASTANK, FENDERS,
BARS OR SEAT.

NOW WE'RE
TALKING EXTRAS.



partner's shoulder. "Wake up! What's going on?"

With a great deal of effort Wes managed to sit up. "It appears we've been shanghaied." The Kid was confused for a few minutes until he spotted the same stranger they had seen in the bar the day before striding toward them, still wearing his phony-ass smile.

"Glad to see you fellas changed your minds about working for me." West and the Kid started to protest but cut it short when the dude flashed his pistol at them. "You'll find a couple of wooden cantaloupes behind those rocks over there," he continued, gesturing with his pistol.

"Wooden cantaloupes?" Wes asked as he attempted to shake the cobwebs from his mind.

"To ride, stupid. What do you think you herd concrete watermelons on, horses?" Can't argue with logic like that," Wes mumbled. "Come on Kid," he whispered under his breath. "We'd better go along with this fella until I can come up with a plan to ditch this fruitcake."

Wes and the Kid found the four-foot tall wooden contraptions and struggled up on to the humped-backed critters. After kicking them violently in the flanks, the cantaloupes moved forward in a gentle rocking motion. They made their way to the cluster of large green rocks that began moving in a rolling manner as soon as the boys hollered at them. It was, to say the least, an incredible sight.

At the same time, the sun's first rays struck dog King and roused him from his alcohol induced slumber. He staggered to his feet and made his way to the sidehack where he found a couple of aspirins that he washed down with warm beer. It didn't take long for the intelligent canine to realize the boys' absence could mean only one thing: trouble. Devoted beast that he was he was soon trotting down the highway with a can of beer firmly clenched between his teeth and a pair of sunglasses shielding his blood-shot eyes from the sun.

It took King the better part of the morning to reach the bar. He could have cut down on his travel time by hitchhiking, but previous experiences had convinced him the bulk of mankind couldn't handle talking dogs in a rational manner.

After a few minutes of investigation, he found Wes' scooter stashed behind

the bar in a wooden shed. Knowing Wes wouldn't leave his machine for anything, with the possible exception of the promise of kinky sex with several dozen harem girls, he began looking for signs of foul play. Or foreplay. His worst suspicions were confirmed when he found the drag marks on the ground where it appeared two bodies had been thrown into some sort of vehicle.

With a keen eye King assessed the evidence. By the type of tire tread and the wheel base of the car he deduced that whoever had snatched the boys was traveling in a large, American car. Filing this information in the beer-drenched recesses of his mind he began loping down the highway in lukewarm pursuit.

The sun was falling rapidly in the western sky when the boys decided to make camp. "Wes," the Kid asked, "why would anyone want us to herd concrete watermelons?"

"Kid," Wes countered in a Father-knows-best kind of tone, "have you ever eaten a concrete watermelon?"

"No, but maybe Euell Gibbons did before he croaked," he replied seriously, trying to be helpful.

"You fucking dolt!" Wes screamed, his patience gone. "Nobody eats concrete watermelons! There must be something in them that nobody's supposed to know about or we wouldn't be here herding them. We just have to figure out what's in them."

"I think maybe we should just ride off and leave them," the Kid offered, trying to make amends.

"I have a feeling, Kid, that we wouldn't make it far if we tried. I've seen a jeep shadowing us all day. Let's just wait and see what's really going on here before we do anything." The Kid nodded in agreement as the jeep Wes had seen earlier approached them. The dude motioned to them after he parked the jeep about twenty feet from them. The boys approached cautiously, the memory of the pistol he had displayed earlier etched in their minds.

"You boys have done real well today, but just in case you were thinking about cutting out on me after dark remember I have this." The dude whipped out the .44 magnum, leveling it at Wes' chest. "You look like the brains here," he continued to Wes, ignoring the Kid, "so if you want to keep sucking air you'll have them melons rolling again at the crack of

dawn."

Wes hadn't gotten old by being stupid, so despite his desire to shove the pistol so far up the dude's ass it would impair the cretin's breathing he held his tongue. "Yeah, I reckon I'll do that."

"Good," laughed the dude. "See you tomorrow, boys." Wes and the Kid could hear him laugh again as he left with his tire spinning, covering them with sand and dust.

"You know, Kid, someday that motherfucker is gonna be might sorry he ran into us." Again the Kid nodded in silent agreement, both of them thirsting for revenge, or denied that, a cold beer.

By this time dog King had followed the sporadic trail of tire tracks to the point at which the boys had begun driving the herd of melons. King, exhausted from the exertion of the day and without a cold brew to recharge his spirits decided a short breather was in order.

He trotted over to lie in shade offered by a large green rock when something peculiar happened; it moved! King's trap-like mind sprang into action. He knew rocks didn't move on their own, yet this one had, leaving him with two possible conclusions. One, he had just been in the sun far too long and combined with the dangerously low alcohol content of his blood had caused him to suffer momentary hallucination, or; this rock wasn't a rock at all! Given his superb physical condition the second theory seemed more likely so he immediately began a careful investigation of the object.

Meanwhile the boys began settling for the night by a small trickle of a stream they had stumbled upon. They figured this would allow the melons to slake their thirst. They had no idea if the melons had a thirst to slake, but what the hell, it couldn't hurt.

"Kid, what the hell are you doing?" Wes demanded, upset at the Kid's frenzied activity.

"Gettin' firewood to make a real big campfire," the Kid answered matter-of-factly.

"Oh?" The need for a roaring blaze in the face of ninety degree weather was something beyond Wes' comprehension.

"Yeah, I figure dog King will be able to find us easier if we have a nice fire going all night."

"You idiot, that flea-bitten hound of

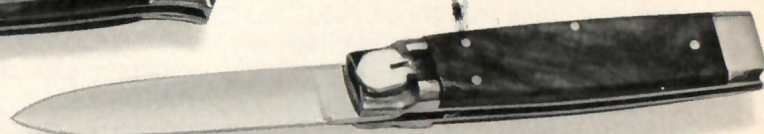
ONE-HANDED OPERATION CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE!

GET THE EDGE!

Model #120



Model #817



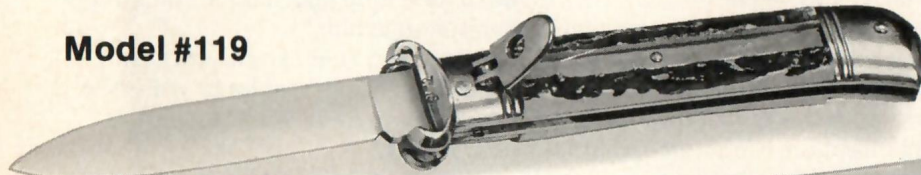
Model #860



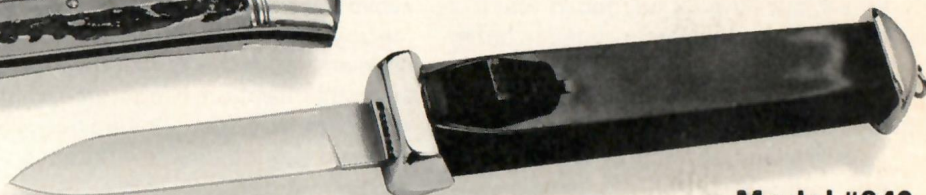
Model #600



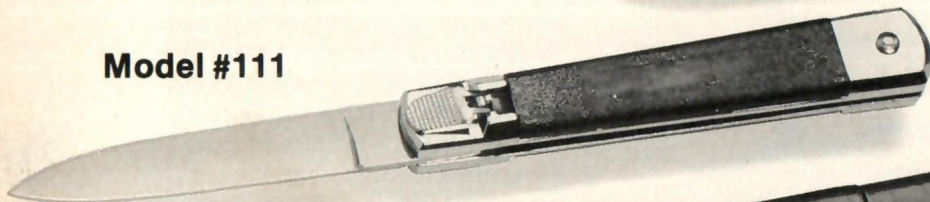
Model #119



Model #840



Model #111



**All Genuine,
Automatic,
And Completely
Finished.
Sold in Legal* Kit Form**

Model #727



Model #123



MODEL #120 \$49.95
Handmade in Italy
Side Opening 8 3/4"
Brass Lined, Pearl Handle
Blue, Green, Red, White, Black

MODEL #817 \$39.95
Gleaming Brass & Hardwood
Brushed Stainless Blade, Brass Lined
Side Opening Lever Hunter 8"

MODEL #860 \$23.95
Lightweight, Heavy Duty
ABS Resin Plastic Handle
Front Opening 8 1/2"
Black or Red

MODEL #600 \$39.95
Army Ranger Olive Drab
Heavy Duty Front Opening
All Steel U.S. Design 8 1/2"

MODEL #119 \$39.95
Genuine Stag w/Shot-Shell Puller
Italian Made 7 1/2"
Lever Side Opening

MODEL #840 \$14.95
Front Opening 8 1/2"
Large Faceted Grip
Black, Red, Blue

MODEL #111 \$23.95
Sleek Side Opening
Lever Action 8"
Black or Red

MODEL #727 \$32.95
Italian Handmade
All Metal Design 8 1/2"
Sleek Gray Front Opening

MODEL #123 \$39.95
Handmade in Italy
Truly Collectible 8 1/2"
Pearl Handle Front Opening
Blue, Green, Red, White, Black



THE EDGE COMPANY

**PO BOX 826
BRATTLEBORO, VT 05301**

**TO ORDER
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-445-1021
or send to:**

The Edge Co., PO Box 826, Brattleboro, VT 05301

Before Ordering Call For Availability
Dealer Prices On Request

800-445-1021

Please Ship The Following Items:

Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____
Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____
Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____

Add \$1.50 Per Kit Shipping and Handling — Allow 10 Days Shipping

☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed Total \$ _____

☐ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ C.O.D. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

Signature _____ Date _____

Not available where prohibited by law. Inquire about special military and police waivers and discounts.

Send for free catalog!! Hundreds of unique models in full color.

*Attn. Collectors & Sportsmen: Though legal in parts form, in certain areas the completion of these kits may violate certain laws. Please check your area before ordering or assembling, as compliance with any such law is the purchaser's

yours ain't gonna be able to help us!' Wes sighed in anguish at the cheerful expression painted on the Kid's face. "In fact, the only thing that miserable mutt has probably done all day is polish off all my beer." The mere thought of it made Wes cringe.

"I don't know about that, Wes, King has helped us before. 'Member the time he bit that cop in the ass, the one busting yo for drunk driving?"

"That's only because the damn dog was drunker than I was," Wes countered.

"Wes, I've got faith in him!" the Kid shouted back, hoping for once he was right.

While the boys had been quibbling, dog King had been hard at work. He had hit the rock, slapped it, bit it, growled at it, poked, sweet talked and kicked it, but to no avail. He cussed at it, jumped on it, and even attempted to fuck it, but nothing happened. He licked it, kissed it and hugged it, but it stirred not. Finally he sat down, at a loss as to what he should try next. Piss on it, he thought, he should be on the boys' trail instead of probing the mys-

teries of a weird rock. So hiking his rear right leg to piss he made ready to depart.

As the stream of piss struck the rock it began to shake, tremble and finally split into two parts. King was amazed, for evidently his urine had caused a chemical reaction to occur. He approached the rock carefully, his amazement doubling when he discovered the contents of the stone. Inside the hollow shell were plastic bags filled with white powder.

No doubt a narcotic of some sort, he mused. Sniffing carefully at one bag that had broken open he immediately recognized the substance; cocaine! Snorting up as much of the substance as he could manage he was on the trail of the boys again, crossing the desert faster than the gambler special out of L.A. on its way to Vegas.

The sun was just beginning to climb above the horizon when King found the boys' camp, unfortunately, the dude arrived at the same time from the opposite direction. King watched from afar as the stranger climbed out of his jeep and walked over to where the

boys were sleeping, rousing them from their slumber with a couple of vicious kicks.

"Rise and shine, boys," the dude hollered. "Time to get them doggies moving, as they say here in the far west."

"Fuck off creep, as they say back home," Wes groaned as he rubbed his aching ribs.

"I said get up now!" The dude screamed. He whipped out his pistol and leveled it at Wes' head. Wes and the Kid scrambled to their feet while keeping their eyes on the pistol. Once again feeling that discretion was the better part of valor they followed the stranger's heated orders.

"Wes, I'm worried," the Kid whispered once they were out of the dude's hearing. "King should have been here long ago. Maybe something happened to him."

"Yeah, and I bet I know what. He probably ran into that fat broad at the bar. You know how he goes for that heavy stuff."

"Well, I'll admit he does favor broads that run a little on the plump side, but if he thought we were in trouble I'm sure he wouldn't stop to ... " Before the Kid could finish the boys heard a blood curdling scream. When they turned around they beheld a sight that brought a tear to the Kid's eye and joy to Wes' heart. The dude was writhing in agony on the ground, the big shepherd's teeth sunk into his right wrist.

"Come on Kid, let's give that wonderful canine of yours a hand." The Kid was right on Wes' heels as Wes, expert nasty guy that he was, delivered a kick to the dude's face that destroyed his phony smile forever. In a moment of sympathy the Kid tried to do the dude a good turn by performing a radical vasectomy with his engineer boots. After a few more well placed kicks by both of the boys King released the Dude's limp wrist, knowing the dude wasn't feeling up to causing any more trouble.

After the boys and King exchanged mutual thanks and acknowledgments of a job well done King explained the secret of the concrete watermelons.

"But why would anyone smuggle dope in them?" the Kid asked, unable to make sense of the scheme.

"Well, Kid," Wes began profoundly, "Suppose someone saw these things out here in the desert. Would they report them to the cops? Hell no, they

Fight Fatigue with

STIMULIFE

Free offer

Stimulants & Diet Aids

Call Toll Free
1-800-522-5237
 out of state orders only

Regular Strength Stimulant
 Price: \$8. per 100 - \$15. per 500 - \$25. per 1000
 No. 01 White Mini Tab. 25 mg. Ephedrine, HCL

Double Strength Stimulants
 Price: \$12. per 100 - \$27.50 per 500 - \$50. per 1000
 No. 02 Red/Black Cap. 200 mg. Caf.
 No. 03 Yellow/Black Cap. 175 mg. Caf.
 No. 04 Blue Speck Tab. 200 mg. Caf.
 No. 05 20/20 Tab. 250 mg. Caf.
 No. 06 Pink Heart Tab. 175 mg. Caf.

Triple Strength Stimulants
 Price: \$15. per 100 - \$35. per 500 - \$60. per 1000
 No. 07 30/30 Tablet 325 mg. Caf.
 No. 08 Magnum Tablet 325 mg. Caf.
 No. 09 Mole Cap. 325 mg. Caf.

Regular Strength Diet Aid
 Price: \$8. per 100 - \$15. per 500 - \$25. per 1000
 No. 10 White Mini Tab 37.5 mg. Phenylpropanolamine

New Products
 Price: \$17.50 per 100 - \$37.50 per 500 - \$60. per 1000
 No. 11 50/50 Time Released Tab 500 mg.
 Each tab contains Caffeine Anhydrous Time Released

FREE OFFER
 Order before Sept. 30, 1987 and get a FREE bottle of 100 Diet Aids with any size purchase.

Special Discount on Quantity Orders
 3 Ways to Pay - C.O.D., Cert. Check or M.O., or 
 Payable to Stimulife, 81 Bassett Hwy, Dover, NJ 07801
 Please add for shipping: \$4. for bottles of 100, \$5. for bottles of 500 & 1000.
 Sorry we do not accept personal checks.

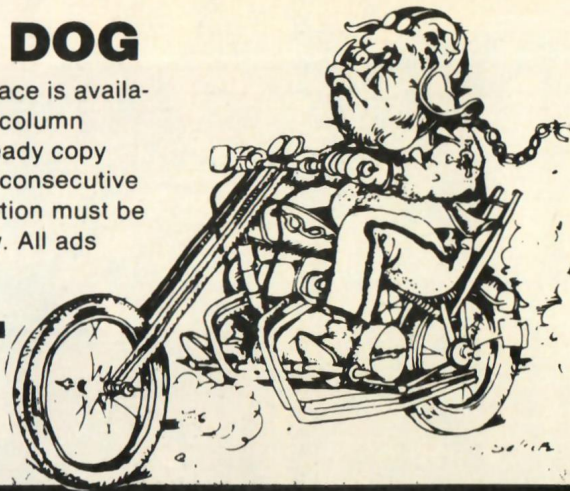
All orders shipped within 24 hours.

In NJ Call 201 366-0133
Hours M-Fri. 8-12 Sat. 12-10 Sun. 12-6

CAUTION Do not exceed recommended dosages. Pregnant women, persons with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes or thyroid disease should consult a physician before using these products. Not for sale to minors. Keep out of reach of children. Void where prohibited. This product does not contain Amphetamines, Narcotics or Barbituates.

JUNK YARD DOG

JUNK YARD DOG advertising space is available only in 1" and 2 3/8" by one-column sizes. Black-and-white camera-ready copy only. No coupons. Minimum of 3 consecutive insertions. Payment for first insertion must be received in advance with ad copy. All ads subject to publisher's approval.



ATTN: IRONMAN
P.O. BOX 1316
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10116

RATES (PER INSERTION):
1 INCH: \$65
2 3/8 INCHES: (1/12 PAGE): \$140

THESE SPECIAL RATES
DO NOT ALLOW US
TO EXTEND FREQUENCY
DISCOUNTS OR
AGENCY COMMISSIONS.

OR CALL
THE IRONMAN DIRECT
AT (212) 397-5200

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT ON A HARLEY.

Send for Free Eagle Iron catalog

BROOKS LEATHERS SHORTIE HELMETS SHOP NAME T-SHIRTS LEATHER GOGGLES GLOVES

we're a shop that knows the difference!

RONNIES CYCLE SALES

Have all your OEM PARTS and an exciting line of ACCESSORIES delivered right to YOUR FRONT DOOR

Mon.-Fri. 9am-7pm, Sat. 9-5 EST
Mass. residents and inquiries call 413/443-0638
Mail: 501 Wahconah St., Pittsfield, MA 01201

ORDER TOLL FREE!! 1-800/257-0018

30 year franchised dealer

PRESCRIPTION GOGGLES FOR BIKERS WHO WEAR EYEGLASSES

Finest quality Silver Cross Biker's Goggles, complete with clear prescription eyeglass lenses

LEONARD MAGGIORE OPTICIAN
—\$109.50. Photogrey lenses, \$20.00 extra.
69-03 Fresh Pond Road
Ridgewood, Queens, NY 11385
(718) 386-5339

Send your prescription and pupil distance with order. Free literature available.

AMERICAN LEATHER JACKETS \$89.00

Good leather doesn't have to cost big bucks. TRY OUR JACKETS. THEY CARRY A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. SAME DAY SHIPPING—SEND CERT. CHECK OR M.O. Pers. checks take 4 weeks. Add \$5.00 for shipping in U.S.

CHOP SHOP
407 STATION STREET
BRIDGEVILLE, PA 15017
(412) 221-SHOP (7467)

M-F 2 to 9
Sat. 10 to 5
Eastern Time
Winter Hours
of No.

BUZZY Owner

PROTECTIVE ARMOR CLOTHING
P.O. BOX 34418
San Antonio, Tex. 78265

Cashier Check or Money Order
Sorry No C.O.D.'s

BRASS KEYCHAIN-BOTTLE OPENER
\$5.00

Magnificent Brass Paperweight
\$8.95

Automatic Telescoping Steel Billy w/Sheath
\$16.95

Hundreds of Items For Free Catalog
Send Name & Address

Also:
Kevlar Lines Leather Jackets 250.00
Bullet Proof (Kevlar)
Material 29.95 yd.

BLANK PHOTO ID CARDS

Make laminated Photo IDs on any typewriter. All materials furnished for 5 IDs.

Good in All States and Canada
— 5 FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATES —
Fast Service • Moneyback Guarantee

For Rush C.O.D., call 1-904-396-1744

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. B82
2071 Emerson, Box 5200 • Jacksonville, FL 32207

5 FOR \$10

Improved POWER & ECONOMY

Any exhaust (muffled or drag) — non restrictive
Reduces back flow of spent/dirty gases into head
More clean gases fill combustion chamber
Get full use out of drag pipes

I - WAY PULSE BAFFLE

Send \$12.95 + 1.50 P. & H. per exhaust pipe, I.D. of pipe at head below flare, bike yr., make, and length of pipe to: Hill Ent., P.O. Box 369, Orefield, PA 18069

wouldn't, because if they did anyone they told would think they were suffering from sunstroke or something."

"King figured out what they were though," the Kid added with a good deal of pride.

"Reckon so," Wes agreed reluctantly. "Let's beat it back to that bar and find my bike, if it's still there, and then we'll go after yours."

"Okay, but shouldn't we do some-

thing about these melons?" the Kid asked.

Wes scratched his beard for a minute and then started giggling. "Oh, piss on them," he laughed as he began to sprinkle as many of the boulders as he could on one bladderful of piss.

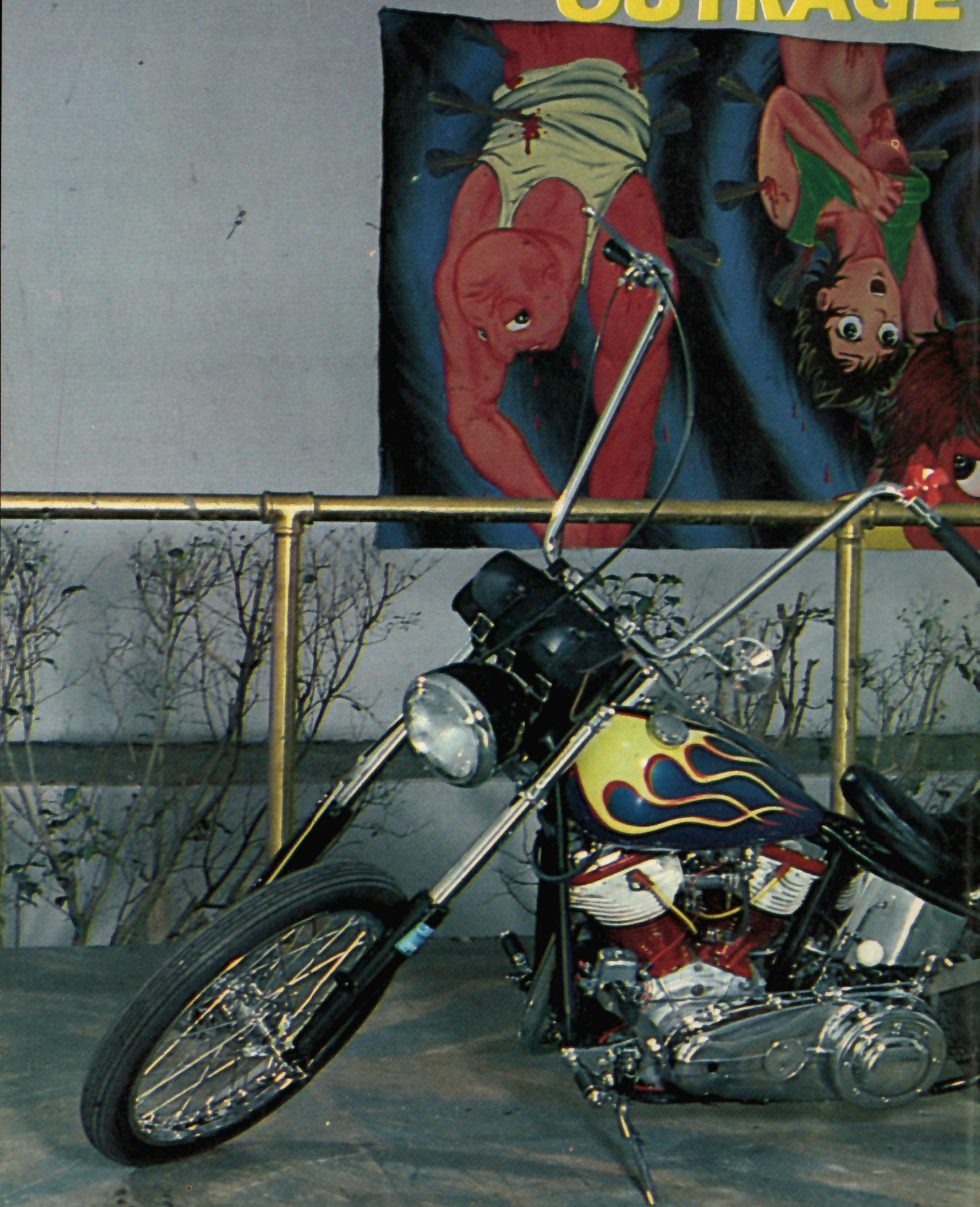
"You know, King," the Kid said as he joined Wes in the irrigation project, "some day I hope I'm as smart as you and Wes."

"Well, Kid," King replied as he hiked his leg to one of the rocks, "just concentrate on one thing at a time and you'll do just fine. But don't try to do too many things at once or you'll fuck up every time."

"Ya really think so?" the Kid asked hopefully.

"I'm positive," King replied. "So why don't you either quit talkin' or stop pissing on your boots?" □

OUTRAGE



OUSNESS??!!



For a Real Wall on the Wild Side, Trash Your Scooter and Try This Stacked Pan

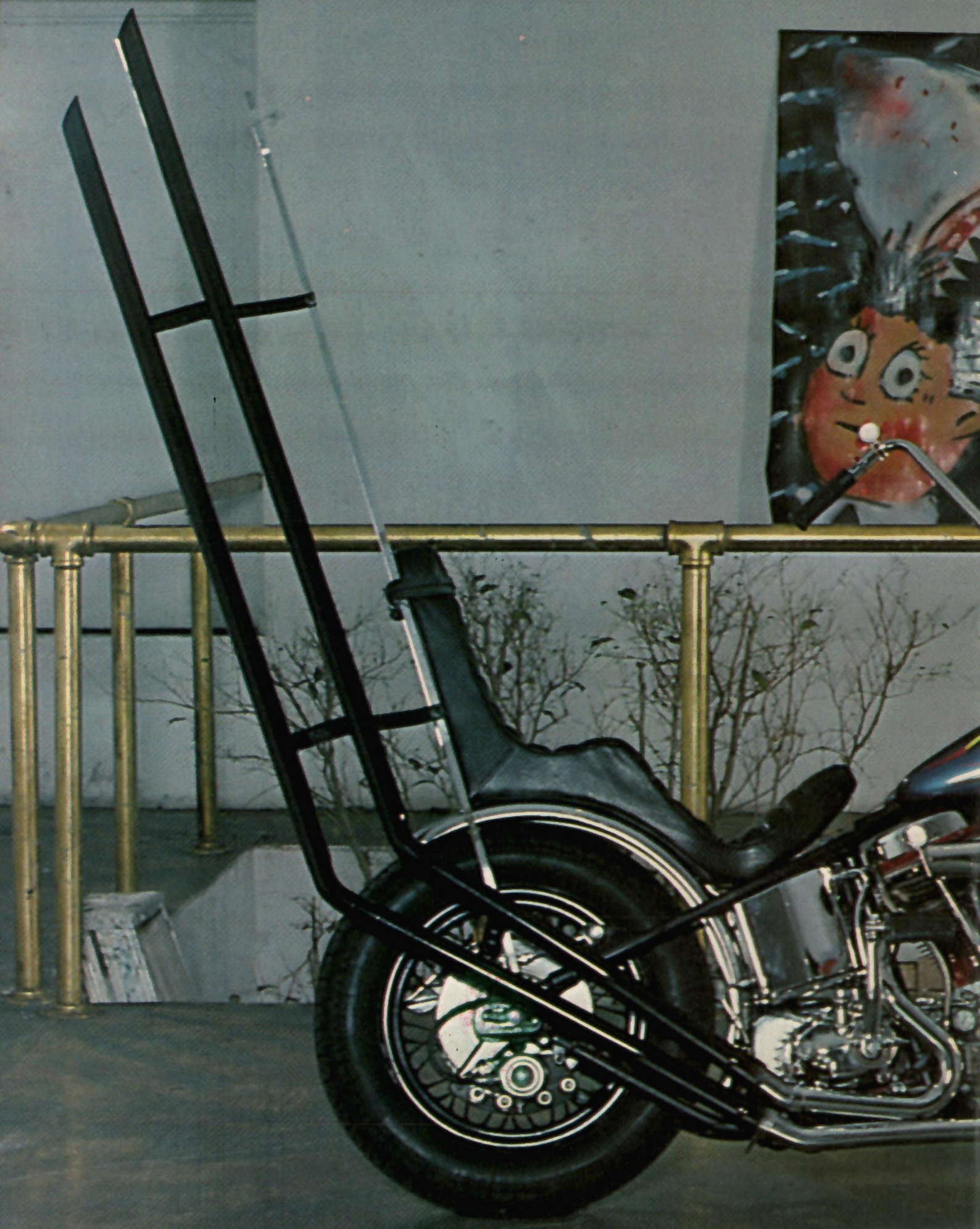
We've all seen one of America's best oddballs pushin those dinky Jap scooters on the tube in his quest for "outrageousness". All I gotta say is, somebody needs to inform ol number nine that if he's truly interested in outrageousness, he could pursue it a lot better from the back of a way out custom Hog than from the sissy seat of some plastic, pussified Honda scooter. He oughta take a tip from number ninety-nine, Dan Hampton, who was ridin an XLCH when we both graduated from high school in Jacksonville, Arkansas, back in '75, and let those nerds Grace Jones and Lou Reed push the Jap Junk.

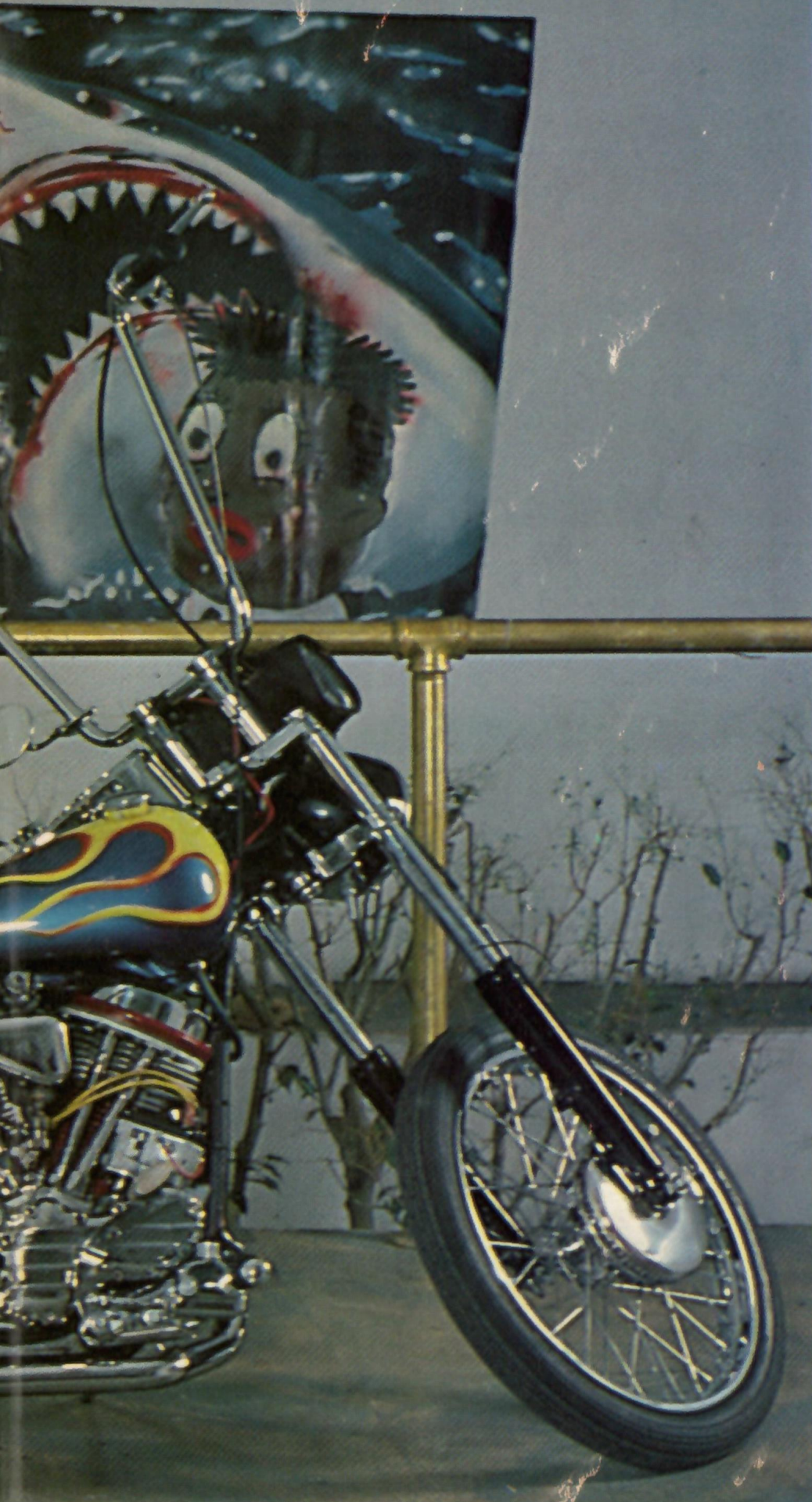
You want outrageousness, Jim? This Panhead's got it in spades. Try some 30 inch apehangers on for size, and if that don't get ya to talkin backwards, then how about a pair of 8 ft. upswept drag pipes? Havin that thunderin exhaust eruptin two feet behind your noggin is bound to impress some outrageousness into your personality pretty quickly, along with a king-sized headache. Just ask John Maloney, the man who lives with outrageousness on a daily basis with this bike as his main ride.

John got the inspiration for the Pan while porin over some quaint and curious volumes of forgotten motorcycle lore (namely some old chopper mags from the 60's) and was turned on by the radical scoots that characterized that bygone time. it was an era ruled over by the great god Bondo, who manifested his molding everywhere, along with metal flake paint jobs, apehangers that stretched to the clouds, and pipes that had more bends than a snake on coals. Resurrecting a scoot

Photos by Rocco DiRico

Story by Snow

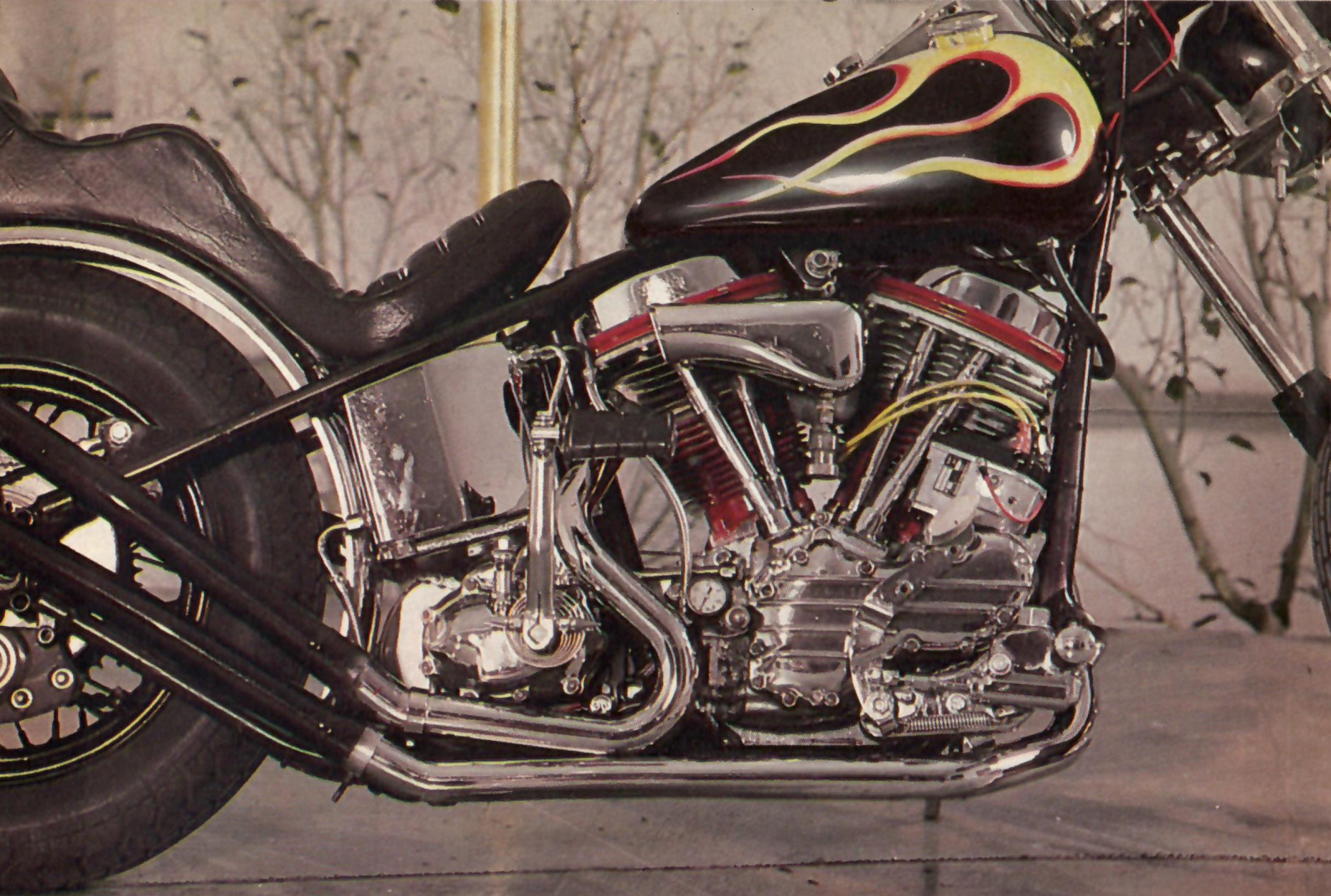




like that into the 80's where conformity is the greatest virtue is truly outrageous Mr. McMahon, not sitting on some stupid, stamped out, ubiquitous crackerjack toy. Seems like a guy who moons helicopters shouldn't have to be told this.

Appropriately enough, John got an outfit in California to fabricate the apes, and a local muffler fitter acquaintance of his to put the pipes together. They're actually a mating of an old Paughco two-into-one system with the custom stacks. John was runnin a mustang tank on the scoot, but welded the fatbob tabs back on the frame and installed the split tanks especially for the shoot. These elements, combined with the classic frame and powerplant, gives John's Harley the kind of look that would've nabbed it a starring role in a Roger Corman drive-in biker flick in no time. To say that John attracts attention when he goes for a putt is like sayin that wet T-shirts attract bikers. In much the same way, John's Pan-headed outrage elicits reactions just as strong when he ventures out into traffic. Cars slow down to a snail's pace as the citizens try to believe their eyes; the yuppies gawk, the bikers rubberneck and the women who are open to such things, part their moistened thighs. Which leaves the cops. The Blue Meanies can't seem to decide on a uniform reaction to the reactionary scoot. Some flash John the thumbs up as he rides by while others, who are less than liberal, tend to hassle him to no end. Believe it or not, the pipes are legal but those handlebars are a definite no-no in 1986 New York. John gave one cop who pulled him over two choices, "I told him either he could take the bars off himself right there or I could just ride out of town and not come back. He looked at me and said to get goin."

Ya'd think that this top heavy scoot would be a bitch in traffic, considerin the long reach from the jockey shift to the left grip, but John's got his skills honed to the point where he can pilot through a jam packed East River Drive, splittin lanes and rupturing cabbies' hearts, as if it was a wide open California freeway. Like anything, ya do it long enough, ya get good at it, and being outrageous ain't somethin ya pick up from the seat of a cornball Jap scooter — they got names for those diseases.



Tech Sheet

Owner: John Maloney
City: New Rochelle, NY
General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 1960
Model: Pan
Value: ???
Assembly by: Owner
Chroming: Some

Engine

Year: 1960
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Morris Magneto
Displacement: 80 cid
Lower End: Flathead 80
Balancing: Owner
Pistons: H-D
Cases: Stock
Heads: Oversized valves/ported & polished
Cams: Mild
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: Linkert
Air Cleaner: Knucklehead
Pipes: Paughco/owner
Mufflers: Nope

Frame

Year: 1957
Builder: Harley Davidson
Type: Straight leg
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: Molding

Accessories:

Bars: 30 inch custom Apes
Risers: 6 inch
Fenders: Rear: flat chrome

Headlight: x Cement mixer
Taillight: Sidemount
Speedo: Superior 74
Front Pega: Drag Specialties
Rear Pega: None
Electrics: Rewired by owner
Gas Tank: H-D 3 1/4 gal.
Oil Tank: Stock
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: H-D
Seat: Custom

Tranny

Modifications: Andrews 1st 2nd
Year: 1960
Shifting: Jockey

Painting

Molding: Owner
Painter: No name
Color: Primaries
Type: Lacquer
Special Paint: None

Forks

Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 4 inches over
Builder: H-D
Special Features: Chromed and painted

Wheels

Front Wheels: 21"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Conti
Front Brake: H-D drum
Rear Brake: H-D disc by owner









RHONDA JO PETTY
(IRON HORSE covergirl May 1985)



LUCKY GREENHOG
February 1985



CINDY "TANKTOP" SMITH
December 1984



SHERI HANNIGAN
January 1985



CANDY MONTANA
January 1985



ELENA EVANS
May 1985

The year's most exciting adult videotape movie!

"Scooter Trash"

starring SIX IRON HORSE covergirls

THE FIRST ADULT VIDEO MADE FER OUR BREED!

REAL PARTYIN!

REAL BIKERS!

REAL LEG-WETTIN' ACTION!

Directed by WOLFMAN

**featuring FATBOB, STRUT,
DYNAMITE, RON JEREMY,
BUDDY HATTON,
ROCKY DI RICO**



To:
WYLDE HOARSE PRODUCTIONS
Box 2626
Stuyvesant Station
New York, NY

Send me one copy of "SCOOTER TRASH" in (check one) VHS ☐ or Beta ☐ format. I understand this film contains scenes of explicit sexual activity between consenting adults.

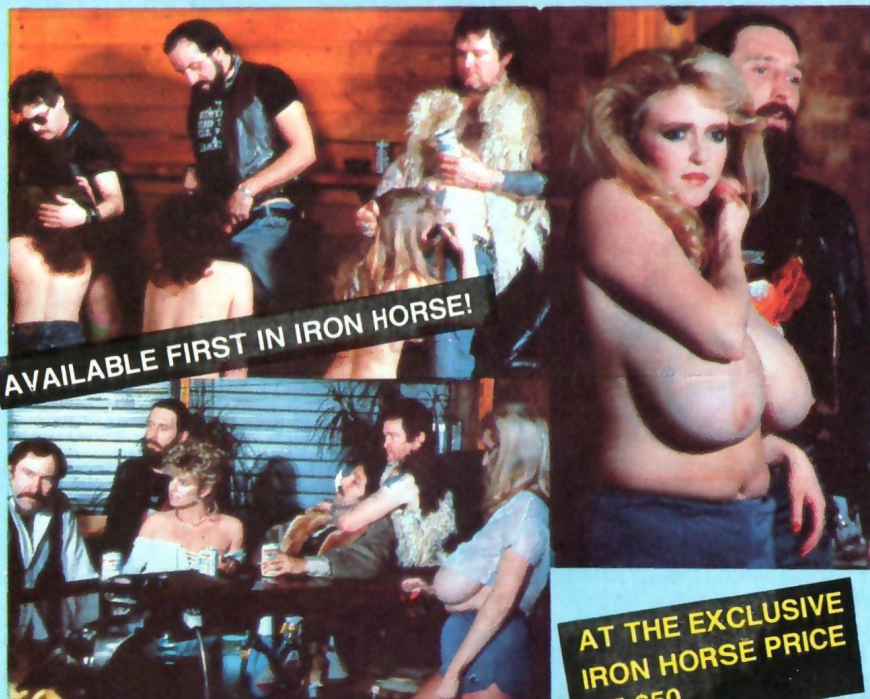
Enclosed is a check ☐, cash ☐, or money order ☐ for \$50. I understand that this is a special introductory offer

I would like to appear in a Wylde Hoarse biker flick. Enclosed is my photo and telephone number.

I am over 21 years of age.

Name
Address
City State Zip
Age
Signature

Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery.



AVAILABLE FIRST IN IRON HORSE!

**AT THE EXCLUSIVE
IRON HORSE PRICE**

You Won't Know How Good Harley Leathers™ Are Until You Pick Some Up.
Available Only From Harley-Davidson® Dealers. © 1984 Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc. All rights reserved.



A R L E Y
E A T H E R S

